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ON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ELLA WHEELER.

Let me go on!  
I know the way behind me seemeth fair,  
I know the sun shone brightly, warily  
there.  
And on before, lieth a broad, dim meadow;  
And what awaits me there, is draped in  
shadow.  
And yet I would press on.

Not back, but on!  
I know the past was full of pleasant things;  
The song of birds, the rustle of their wings.  
I know the future holds no sounds of  
singing.  
No sounds of laughter, or of glad tones  
ringing.  
And yet I would go on.

Steadily on!  
What though the past was a smooth, even  
road—  
What though the present holds no heavy  
load,  
And all the future way is rough and hilly,  
Whose snows are endless, and whose winds  
are chilly.  
But yet I would keep on.

Ay up, and on!  
I hate this even, uneventful life;  
Give me the scenes of labor, and of strife.  
My path is rugged, but it is ascending,  
And I shall stand exalted at the ending.  
And so I will press on.

## LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,  
AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST  
OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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### CHAPTER I.

There was a pause in the music; the crowd  
had flocked into the supper-room, and there  
was a hope of getting breath at last left for  
the few rational mortals who remained up-  
stairs, instead of following the people who  
had gone to afflict their interiors with all  
sorts of delicious and more indigestible com-  
pounds.

Mrs. Dormer had managed to escape from  
her host of admirers and had taken refuge in  
a little boudoir off the drawing-rooms, deter-  
mined at least to have a few moments' quiet  
in the midst of the long night which had  
been so great a triumph in her case, as far as  
social success went, and such an unenviable  
weariness and drowsiness generally, in spite  
of the seduction of macarines and the envy  
of other women.

Until the past few weeks, such scenes had  
for several years been so unfamiliar to her  
that one might have supposed she would  
bring all her old girlish power of enjoyment  
into them; but could they who had seen her  
a short half hour before in the ball-room,  
have looked at her now as she leaned against  
the window-sill and stared out into the square  
below, where the leafless trees sighed and  
swung their branches in the midnight wind,  
they might almost have questioned if it  
could be the same countenance which they  
had watched smiling and careless as she  
floated through the dance, or allowed her  
witty tongue the largest liberty at the ex-  
pense of the men who crowded about her  
whenever a pause in the music left her a  
brief leisure for conversation.

Unless to question of what she was think-  
ing as she stood there—such diverse emotions  
swept like shadows over her face and dimmed  
the splendor of those eyes which in the days  
of her girlish popularity had carried trouble  
to so many hearts. That was years ago—  
centuries it seemed to Leonie Dormer as she  
looked back—and she wondered that out-  
wardly there was so little change.

There was a step in the doorway. Leonie  
was roused by the muffled sound and turned  
to face the intruder, schooling her features  
into the haughty quiet they were wont to  
show the world, with a rapidity which only  
long practice and familiarity with trouble  
could have taught.

But Walter Thorman had been there in  
the shadow of the drawn curtains before she  
heard him, and had caught the bitterness  
and unrest which darkened her eyes in that  
season of self-communion. He remembered  
that face as he had seen it in the early days  
of her girlish happiness, before the slight-  
est shadow had swept across her sky; when he  
watched her sitting in her opera box or the  
queen of some festive gathering, and won-  
dered if any trouble could ever approach a  
life so glad and so carefully guarded. He re-  
membered that face as it met him once since  
during a journey he had made to the Pacific  
coast, when a kindly fate had thrown him in  
his way and he had been able to protect her  
in a moment of terrible need, never fully un-  
derstanding the circumstances himself, but  
always keeping secret even the fact of that  
meeting, lest some annoyance should come  
to her through him.

Since her reappearance in the world—as



IN THE BOUDOIR.

we use the term—he had seen her several  
times, but not within speaking distance, and  
for the last few weeks he had been absent in  
Washington, so that not a word had been ex-  
changed between them since that day of  
trouble, which would seem to have left no  
trace in the brilliant career of the present,  
had he not observed her as she stood there  
off her guard in the solitude.

She was looking, thinking, wondering, as  
we are all given to doing when any of the  
odd romances which we pronounce unnatural,  
if put in novels, come near our lives. Then  
Leonie turned and saw him, and by the wave  
of color that swept to her very forehead and  
faded as quickly, leaving her paler than be-  
fore, he knew that she recognized him and  
that straightway her thoughts had gone back,  
as his had done, to their last encounter in  
that far-off land.

There was not an instant's hesitation, as  
there might have been with another woman.  
Mrs. Dormer advanced a few steps, holding  
out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Thorman?" she  
said quietly. "Were you so surprised that  
you took me for a wandering spirit?"  
"I might have been expecting to see you,"  
he answered, bowing over the extended  
hand. "I have been out of town for several  
weeks, but I had caught sight of you often  
before I went away."

"I did not know you were in this part of  
the world," she continued. "I am sure  
somebody said you were in Europe."

"My cousin, probably,"  
"But they needn't have told me about  
your cousin when I meant you," said she.  
"However, I can't pretend to be surprised;  
all sorts of people start up so suddenly in all  
sorts of places, that one loses the faculty of  
astonishment."

Her voice had resumed the somewhat  
laughing tone which in these days appears to  
be considered synonymous with good breed-  
ing, but it was not that she was trying to do  
the fine lady; she only felt into her society  
manner from the mortal horror she had of  
being dramatic and making a scene. Per-  
haps it occurred to her that he might mis-  
understand her words and actions, for she  
said: "I am very glad to see you again, at  
all events; but how does it happen that you  
have not taken the trouble to find me out  
before?"

"As I told you, I have been absent for  
some time—in Washington of all places, so  
sorry me! Besides, it is so long since we met  
that I was not sure but you might have for-  
gotten me."

"There are things that cannot be for-  
gotten, Mr. Thorman," she replied quietly.  
"Do not imagine me mean enough ever to  
wish not to remember your kindness to me."  
"If connected with any recollection that  
pains you, do not think of it, I beg—it was  
very little that I was able to do."

"Little?" she exclaimed. "Sir, I have  
many times since thought that you kept me  
from absolute insanity—worse! What re-  
membrance you must have preserved of me  
I never dared to fancy."

"Only that of the most profound sympathy,  
believe me. I sincerely regretted that you  
would not empower me to say—that I could  
not be allowed more fully to understand the  
case."

"That was impossible," she answered,  
slowly, and he could see her fingers tight-  
en themselves hard together in the effort she  
made to retain her composure. "Nobody  
could help me; you did all that any human  
being could do."

"I may trust that at least your life is  
peaceful now," he said; in his delicacy care-  
ful to make the friendly words an assertion,  
not an interrogatory.

"I hold my own before the world," she  
replied, with a bitter little laugh. "Per-  
haps some day the hard bones of respect-  
ability that surround me, may fall in pieces,

and the skeleton hand appear—but never  
mind that; let to-morrow take care of it-  
self—I can do no more than I have done."

"If any assistance—"  
"Yes, I understand, and thank you; but  
don't blush. There's an end here! I am  
glad to see you; glad to greet you as one  
of my old, old friends, if you will permit—  
you remember we used to know each other  
ages ago, when I was new to life; be-  
tween then and now we'll blot out, that's  
all!"

He extended his hand and grasped hers  
with more warmth than was habitual with  
him, in his desire to prove to her that he fully  
comprehended her meaning. "Don't think  
about me as you would of some mys-  
terious woman in a book—my troubles, such  
as are left, are commonplace enough! In-  
deed, don't think of me at all on'y as you are  
me, or don't let me discover it, else I shall be  
nipping and naving."

"I think you may trust me, Mrs. Dor-  
mer."  
"I know I may; it is only myself I doubt  
—I have grown such a sour, ill-conditioned  
thing. Good-bye, now; let me have a few  
minutes to myself before those tiresome peo-  
ple troop back; I'm only fit to be a female  
Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, just at  
present; but I'll get over it before you come  
to see me."

At that instant a face glanced in at the  
door—a girl's face, looking very youthful  
and pretty, framed in the lace and silk  
draperies—but it disappeared before Mrs.  
Dormer observed the brief intrusion. Thor-  
man saw it, and was glad to repeat his com-  
panion's words, and hasten away; for the  
recollection of that girlish countenance had  
been often with him during his weeks of ab-  
sence—and he had come to this very ball,  
late as it was when he returned, to look  
once more into the dear eyes that had  
haunted him so persistently during that  
time.

Leonie Dormer—she was Miss Courtenage  
then—had been the richest girl in New York  
once, and from her seventeenth birthday  
until she was twenty, a marvel on both sides  
the Atlantic for her beauty and extrava-  
gance. The blow that hurled her from that  
dizzy height came as suddenly as a tornado  
into a tropical sky. Her father, by whom  
she had been idolized, was found dead one  
day in his office. There were rumors, quick-  
ly hushed, that he had died by his own  
hand; and of his immense fortune not a vestige  
was left.

Less than a year after, Leonie became the  
wife of Mr. Dormer, a man almost her  
father's age, and of course people said that  
she married him for his wealth; more likely  
because she was utterly alone, and his sym-  
pathy touched her impulsive nature. But  
if she did wrong, the retribution soon fol-  
lowed—for before a twelve month was gone,  
the great banking house went down with a  
crash—and again Leonie found herself in  
poverty; and her husband was so shattered  
by the shock, that physically and mentally  
he was little more than a wreck.

They did not remain among their old ac-  
quaintances to be either pities or neglected.  
Before there was time for Leonie to be  
done wondering how she would bear this  
new disappointment, Percy Thorman and  
his wife had disappeared from the sight of  
their former world. They were heard of  
after in California—in one of the far south-  
western territories—there it was reported  
that Leonie was a widow—that her tribe  
of wealthy relations were allowing her to strug-  
gle on unaided as best she might; after that  
a gap of silence which spread over more than  
two years.

When the present season was near its  
height, Leonie's numerous cousins began to  
talk of her again, and though nobody be-  
lieved it, they told the truth when they said

that for a long time she had left them in ig-  
norance of her whereabouts. But now she  
was coming back—coming back a widow,  
only twenty-four, and with a fortune ample  
enough, even if it would not admit of the  
princely expenditure of the former days.  
Certain stocks and Western investments of  
her husband's, which had been supposed  
worthless, had suddenly acquired value, and  
Leonie found herself in a position to return  
to the life which she had thrown off with  
such scorn in her hour of humiliation and  
trouble.

She came back; made her home with her  
cousins, Mrs. Fanshawe—and for the past  
two months society had gone mad over her,  
as it is fond of doing over any temporary  
idol that it may chance to set up.

So there Leonie Dormer stood to-night,  
and the pale, despairing face which she  
showed to her own soul in her solitude, told  
plainly that the success which had greeted  
her, came as so many of this world's gifts  
do, too late to afford her a moment's  
peace—nay, more than that—a moment's  
forgetfulness.

After Thorman left her, Leonie walked  
slowly up and down the room for a few mo-  
ments, then with a resolute effort subdued  
the restless thoughts that for a space had as-  
serted their supremacy. As the sound of  
steps and voices on the stairs warned her  
that the crowd were flocking back to the  
drawing-rooms, she paused an instant before  
a mirror, settled her wreath, which some im-  
patient movement of her hand had dis-  
turbed, and looked into the stormy eyes  
that flashed on her from the glass, with a  
startled feeling as if they had been the eyes  
of a stranger reading her deepest secrets.  
"What a fool I am," she whispered to the  
brilliant image; "coming to a ball to make  
a high tragedy of myself! Upon my word,  
one would think I ought to be on the stage;  
I am so fond of scenes and dramatic effects  
—idiot!"

She made a scornful gesture toward the  
shape in the mirror, laughed to see it re-  
turned—then turned away with a shiver and  
an odd sensation that it was not the mere re-  
flection of herself which had mocked at her,  
but a phantom likeness of her own soul, in-  
visible to others, which followed her and re-  
minded her of her pain wherever she might  
turn.

The music sounded anew—a bewitching  
waltz—and as she passed out of the cham-  
ber, Mrs. Dormer met several men, all bent  
on the same search, all clamorous for her  
hand, and each asserting a prior claim.

"Just look at your tabrets," Charley  
Wylde said; "I wrote my name there my-  
self for this case."

"It's not there now though," another  
whispered, "for I took an opportunity to  
rub it out."

"Anyway, I have lost my book," Mrs.  
Dormer answered.

"But you remember," urged Charley.

"Not in the least, I assure you; I have  
no idea to whom the dance was promised—  
none of you, I dare say. At all events I de-  
clare myself bankrupt. I'll not pay a single  
debt. I'm tired."

"Unfair—deliberate dishonesty," they all  
averred.

"Not at all," laughed she; "only taking  
advantage of a righteous law—dear me, you  
men make it, you need not complain."

She was used to remonstrance or persua-  
sion, went ruthlessly away and began talk-  
ing to the elderly host who had got moun-  
tains of flesh beyond any possibility of Ter-  
sichorian tests. Presently some man came  
and urged her to finish the waltz with him;  
she told him he did it because he had the  
audacity to avow that she had not promised  
it to him, and that he wanted it particularly  
because she was engaged to at least a dozen  
luckless wights.

As her partner led her to a seat at its

conclusion, she grew suddenly so politely  
deaf and blind that the unfortunate man was  
glad to leave her and go in search of some  
less capricious female, and Leonie saw Mark  
Larley making his way toward her, and was  
vexed with herself because she felt that she  
was glad to see him.

He came forward in his slow, indolent  
fashion, looking rather more bored and in-  
different than usual, and Leonie wondered  
if that was one reason why he was so much  
more courted than men of double his for-  
tune—society being a snobbish dame that  
values mortals apparently in exact propor-  
tion to their disregard of her favors.

Just then, a pair passing to join the dance,  
stopped a moment to speak with Mrs. Dor-  
mer and she lost sight of Mark Larley, but  
presently she heard his voice close beside  
her.

"I see you are alive," he said; "I rather  
wonder at it if you have been here long. I  
feel like a fish in a tank where there are too  
many reptiles and too little water."

"The placing of the nouns in like your  
usual modesty," returned she. "But why  
in the name of all that is reasonable don't  
you go home if you are tired?"

"I don't believe that's a polite question,"  
said he. "All the books on etiquette say  
you never should be abrupt."

"I was not abrupt. I had been thinking  
that ever since I caught sight of you."  
"Then you were looking at me? I thought  
I felt an increase of my natural want of con-  
fidence."

"That is one of the finest sentences I  
ever heard," said she. "What an imagina-  
tion you must have."

"No; I am only candid. So you were  
looking at me?"

"You have said that twice already—don't  
repeat yourself."

"You see the effect your words made."

"I was even looking for you," returned  
she. "What made you so late?"

"I went straight to the supper-room, but  
you were not there."

"Admire my frankness in owning I wished  
to see you," continued she.

"I would," he answered, "only I am per-  
fectly certain that you wanted to say some-  
thing wished."

"That is so evidently a self-judgment, and  
therefore righteous, that I can't quarrel with  
you," laughed she. "But, dear me, what  
very smart speeches we are making to each  
other. They sound like lists in a comedy."

"I may sit down," he said, half-interro-  
gatively, and managing to sweep aside her  
volubrious draperies so as to make room on  
the couch, seated himself. "Now please  
get rid of the wicked speech you wished to  
make. I know you'll be happier after, and  
my mind will be at rest."

"I fancy it is always that."

"Stagnant, you mean to insinuate—like  
a muddy pool?"

"You shall interpret it any way you choose  
—but since you are so very astute I need  
not make any apology."

"Had you one on your conscience?"

"Yes; I was so busy this morning that I  
forgot I had promised to go and see those  
pictures with you, so there was no ex-  
emption made for you in the sweeping order I gave  
that I would admit no human being."

"If Mrs. Fanshawe's Corbus has only  
had the opinion of me that his mistress has  
he would have known that any order in re-  
gard to humans did not apply to me—the  
cousin called me a demon."

"Nonsense! She likes you! Perhaps she  
said you were a bit demoniac. I dare say she  
thinks you wicked, but like most over-good  
women she has all the greater weakness for  
you on that account."

"Perhaps she could have you vaccinated  
for the same amiable folly," said he with his  
merry laugh.

"No, I'm not good at all, and have seen  
too many demons of every sort to be de-  
luded. But you have not yet had the grace  
to say that any apology was satisfactory."

"You must have a very original idea of  
apologies if you think that saying you forgot  
me is one."

"The truth is you are cross to-night,  
and want to be disagreeable; I shall waste  
no more excuses."

"A very neat way of getting out of the  
affair certainly," said he in a teasing voice;  
"when you feel that you have no ground to  
stand on."

"Oh, now you are downright rude and  
deserve that I should be equally so! If you  
really want the truth."

"I am so unaccustomed to meeting her  
apocryphal ladyship among my acquaint-  
ances," she interrupted, "that I should not  
recognize her in the least if I saw her face to  
face—pray don't be truthful, whatever hap-  
pens."

"I feel it to be my duty," said she, echo-  
ing his laugh; "and the truth was I didn't  
wish to see anybody. I felt cross."

"What a terrible day poor Mrs. Fanshawe  
must have had!"

"No, I was merciful; I shut myself in  
my room and did not see her until dinner."

"I was right; you inflicted the worst pun-  
ishment you possibly could."

"What a pretty little old compliment.  
Did you get that out of a guide to etiquette  
and correct deportment?"

"That was original—the inspiration of  
the moment; I think it a rather tidy speech."

"I think you had better ask me to dance;  
I don't believe I could bear many such tidy  
speeches," returned she. "Who is that with  
Mr. Thorman? Oh, that pretty little Milly  
Crofton—how sweet she looks."



The pair passed on their way to a seat, and the same girl from that had glanced into the boudoir while Mrs. Thorman stood talking with Walter Thorman, was now turned for an instant toward the brilliant window, whose quicksilver after the briefest salutation that courtesy would permit.

"Why, how cross the little blossom looks," said Mrs. Thorman, wonderingly.

"Perhaps you have been peaching on her manner," replied Lesley, rather wearily.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Thorman was very devoted to her for several weeks before he left town."

"To that child? Well, she is very pretty; but at his age—why he must be thirty-four."

"Very ancient!"

"As you men live, it is—you are all Mithras-like at that age—too old and blasé for a little innocent creature like that to fancy."

"Thank heaven, I am only twenty-nine."

"Well, you might be a thousand."

"Good gracious, come and dance," cried he, and led her away, both laughing gaily as if no care or trouble had ever come within reach of their lives.

#### CHAPTER II.

Thorman led pretty Milly Crofton to the upper end of the long room, and gazing through the curtains of the boudoir, saw that it was empty.

"Do come in here and sit down," he said; "it is cool and pleasant, and you must need a breath of air."

"No," she answered capriciously; "I am not in the least tired—besides, I promised the next dance to Mr. Wythe, and I mustn't hide myself where he can't find me."

"Just for a moment," pleaded Thorman.

Milly still hesitated; there was present to her mind the scene she had witnessed in that room a little time before—Thorman holding Leonie Dormer's hand, and bending toward her with an earnest, appealing look, which had sent Milly away with a sudden undeniable chill at her heart.

She had not got her breath steadily, nor had the tremor of her nerves ceased, when Thorman came in search of her, and she received him with an attempt at cordiality, which in her youth and inexperience, she could not make unconcerned enough to deceive a man of his worldly knowledge.

She refused to dance at first—declaring that she was engaged, first—but the disquiet and resentment for which she did not try to account, faded from her mind before the earnest expression in his eyes and the beseeching tone in which he said—

"Not one dance, Milly? When I hurried back for this ball on purpose?"

She forgot the dramatic bit she had witnessed—forgot the fascinating widow whom until to-night she had regarded with all a girl's enthusiasm for a beautiful woman—forgot every thing but the fear of giving him pain and the pleasing look in those eyes which went straight to her very soul.

He gained his point, and by the time the waltz was over, Milly had lightened into new loveliness under the influence of his magical waltz.

But as they passed Leonie Dormer when he was leading her up the room, and she caught the meaning smile, half of surprise, with which the widow regarded them, all Milly's inexplicable anger rushed back hot and quick, and she had no mind to be coaxed into good nature again.

Was she let him draw her into the boudoir and tried to do the indifferent once more while he talked, but she only succeeded in looking troubled and bewitchingly sulky as she sat ruthlessly pulling to pieces the costly bouquet poor Charley Wythe had sent her the night of which in her hands as she entered the room had made the boyish goose so very happy.

Walter Thorman was watching her, thinking how pretty she looked, how useless it was for her to attempt that show of indifference, and how charming the way with her face gathering new expression from those first vague pains and struggles.

"Won't you speak at all to me, Milly?" he said suddenly, "when I have been back on purpose to see you to-night! What a silly animal I was. I actually thought you were in earnest when you asked me to be here for this ball. I fancied you would be really glad to see me."

"I don't think I have said that I am not," she answered.

"But you show plainly that I might be at the North Pole for anything you would care," pursued he. "At least tell me what I have done to make you angry, Milly."

As if he had need to ask—he had seen her look into the boudoir and run away—but to answer his question she would be forced to make the avowal which is so pleasant to a man's vanity. However, inexperienced as she was, Milly was no goose, and she turned the tables on him quite cleverly.

"How do you know that I am angry?" she demanded, flinging away three more waltzes.

"It is plain enough—you wouldn't dance at first—you will not talk—not even look at me."

"I am talking now—I am looking at you," replied she, attempting to do so as she spoke, but the little coquetry which would have been easy enough to a practiced woman of the world was a pretty failure, for Milly's voice faltered and her eyes sank shyly beneath his, while her faint fingers again made and havoc among the colorful blossoms she held.

"Milly, did Charley Wythe send you that bouquet?" he asked.

"It doesn't make any difference who sent it," returned she; "and I have three more at home."

"What an overflow of wasted affection that implies," said Thorman smiling; "poor flowers—luckless wretches! But really, my dear child, if you don't stop tearing to bits pieces so recklessly, you will be obliged to send for one of the three neglected offerings."

"I wish you wouldn't call me child, Mr. Thorman!" exclaimed Milly, rushing at him with a pretence for anger, like a youthful turkey-cock that insists on considering every color scarlet.

"Because you know my aunt so well and see me so often, it is no reason why you should speak to me in that way. I don't like it, and I don't like your manner in general—and—well, I am sure you know my family name perfectly."

"I know the other better," he answered, his voice sinking lower; "I ought to! Why, he—she was the last word in my mind, like a prayer, during all those cruel weeks of absence—Milly, Milly—such a pretty name!"

Milly's devastating hands passed in their work; the face told over the blue eyes, into which a sudden brightness had shined.

"You know what I mean," she said, a little indistinctly.

"Then you'll not let me call you Milly—"

you'll not be friends—you will send me home with an echo at my heart!"

If Milly had been older, a married woman or a widow, she would have known that waltzers usually soothe their pangs with a quiet little supper on the way home; but Milly had not reached the dismal era when delusions of every kind receive a little faith as the fairy tales we believed in our childhood. Milly felt that she had been very wicked indeed to punish him so severely.

"And you will not be friends?" he repeated.

She turned her head a little more away; he bent so near, trying to look in her face, that the blue flowers in her hair touched his forehead.

"I thought we were very good friends," she said, managing to keep her voice tolerably steady and her tall-tale eyes hidden.

"One is 'very good friends' with the whole world," returned Walter Thorman, in a disappointed, injured tone; "that phrase doesn't mean anything! But to-night you are not even friendly with me; you have scarcely spoken a good-natured word; you wouldn't give me a flower—you refused at first to dance—"

"Was it my fault that you never came till I was engaged ever so many times deep?" broke in Milly, with an indignation he had not expected.

"Was it my fault that you never remembered to find me, or that I was here, in talking to—other people?"

"On Milly, Milly, how can you say such dreadful things?"

She had said more than she intended, but not in the sense he meant. She was afraid that she had betrayed her vexation and pain—poor little girl! as if it had not been perfectly apparent from the first.

"Any way, I was very wrong to dance with you," she exclaimed eagerly, anxious to do away the effect of her words. "I was engaged to Mr. Wythe. It is shameful to treat people so rudely! You made me do it—you know you did; but I'll go back this minute and say how sorry I am."

Walter Thorman's head was laid gently on hers, and somehow that light touch detained her as effectively as the strongest fetters could have done.

"You won't go away angry with me, Milly—you won't leave me like this!"

She began to tremble under that thrilling whisper; she forgot Charley Wythe and his wrongs, Leonie Dormer's stormy day, the ball-room and everything connected with it as completely as if they had all been worlds away, and the music surging up into the dim chamber only sounded like the echo of the melody ringing so loudly in her heart.

Then it was, that under the influence of the delicious moment and the new beauty which her sweet trouble woke in Milly's face, Thorman was hurried on to speak the words which carried her away into a new world—words which came from his heart, and were the utterances of real affection, though it was the affection that a man gives a creature young and childish, finding too sensitive in her eyes a pleasant contrast to the shadows which haunt his older and sterner life.

"You know that I love you, Milly," he said; "you know that you are more than all the world to me! Give me your little heart to keep; bring your brightness into my dull life; be my wife—will you, Milly? O, answer! Don't look away from me, little one—say that you will."

Milly could not speak; her two hands were clasped in his, her eyes dropped under his eager gaze, and poor Charley Wythe's violet rolled away unheeded over the floor just as the riveting lucence of his youthful oration would now pass forever out of her existence along with the thousand other trifles which had contented her before this bewildering vision came.

"You don't speak; you don't answer, Milly! Surely you know that I love you—I did not know how deeply myself until now. You will not send me away. You cannot dream how lonely and desolate my life is! Say that you will bring your sunshine into it and give it a brightness and warmth that, till I knew you, seemed gone out of it forever."

Certainly he had no need of words; those quivering hands nestled in his own—the absolute glory of those girlish eyes was answer enough; but the man's nature could not be content until he had an open avowal of his triumph.

"Just one word—do you love me?"

She could whisper it then—just the one word that he demanded, faint and low, but fuller of conviction than a whole volume would have been, and Walter Thorman strained her to his heart, exclaiming—

"My own darling; all mine now; my charge, my happiness henceforth. There shall no trouble come near you, Milly; the fairy stories you used to read shall be brighter than your life—my Milly, my little one, all mine."

Still the same tone of triumph mingling with his real feeling; the thought that he had gained the treasure which should bring the calm waiting in his existence, a love that would live on his smile, and grow into worship in return for his tenderness. She was all his, to minister to his selfishness, be his plaything, his song-bird, content to nestle peacefully among the outer folds of his heart, and have to conception of the inner depths that remained undisturbed.

"Are you happy, Milly? Are you content? Have you loved me—have you dreamed of this time?"

Still the determination to probe her very soul, and bring out its holiest secrets as an incense at his shrine, and all the while, in spite of his merely seen and words, so boyishly unconscious of his own selfishness. He repeated these words again and again; he so forced an answer upon her that out of her bewilderment Milly altered—

"How could I allow myself to think of such things—how could I tell that you cared for me—do anything but think at my own unwomanliness in—thinking of you at all?"

"And you loved me, Milly; don't be afraid of me; surely you can speak openly now—it is your own heart that hears you—yours forever, Milly."

"I seem to have been living in a dream," she answered brokenly. "O, don't make me talk—I will tell you sometime—don't ask me now."

She hid her face in his hands, and with a sudden pity for her confusion he allowed her to be silent, raising kisses upon her forehead, calling her by every endearing name, and promising everything that men rarely do at such times, so completely hidden in that secret world, that it was some time before Milly's recollection came back, and though dizzy still with her great happiness, she could remember that they were not alone in some beautiful world such as he had been describing with an extravagance of meta-

phor that he would have been the first to laugh at it in a novel.

"It must be very late," she said. "Please to let me go away."

"So soon—you wish to leave me already?" His aunt will want to go home. But he could not let her go yet; he must hold her hands just an instant longer, and exult at the happiness in her face.

"You don't know how happy I am, Milly," he said, "how life widens and blossoms under this new content! I did so want to be loved, not as women do who have worn out all their freshness with world, but wholly, entirely, by a heart that had never stirred at any human voice before."

She passed before him with a gravity which quite took the ebullience out of her face, with a purpose and strength that was like a premonition of the womanly soul love would arouse within her, saying in a voice which had lost its tremor, deep and low with the intensity of a nature newly awakened—

"I will love you—I can so love you, and I thank God for it—yes, heartily I thank God."

Perhaps for a brief instant it flashed upon his mind how different a creature this girl being might become in his hands—flashed upon it and was forgotten, because he had been too busy to keep her as she was to be, his sunbeam, his one flower, that never gave out a tinge of its beauty and sweetness to any but him.

She would go then, and she showed her exit by another door, which admitted them into the hall without passing through the ball-room, but Lesley and Mrs. Thorman were lingering there for a moment, and saw them pass up the stairs, and smiled at each other unawares. Milly found her aunt already in the dressing-room, and was glad to get on her wrappings and go away at once from the magical scene that had been the culmination of all bills past or future where her life was concerned. Thorman placed her in the carriage, and made his way home as once, satisfied that he had done the wisest thing for himself possible, and that this romance, in spite of his thirty-three years, was sweeter and fuller every way than any boyish fancy or passion could ever have been.

"I believe that grave-looking man is getting into mischief," Mrs. Thorman said to her companion, as they returned to the ball-room.

"Very pleasant mischief, I should think," returned she; "that little Crofton is bewitching as a fairy!"

"Just a sweet, undeveloped child! Always the way with men—and when the old turns into a woman in your hands, you are tired because she is like everybody else—and you reproach her and not your own incapacity."

"Don't say 'you' with such venomous emphasis, for I never do anything of the sort," replied Lesley; "I have not the slightest weakness for children."

"Don't boast of it, for it only proves that you are a grade more hardened and skeptical than your brethren."

"Upon my word," said he, laughing, "you are in a charming mood to-night."

"Indeed I am not, and don't wish to appear so! I feel cross—and if you will have my society, you must endure the ill-humor."

"Luckily I have a great deal of Christian fortitude, and a delightful quantity of temper. But what a dreadful day you must have had to put you in such a mood."

"Yes; a great deal of my own agreeable society."

"I wish you would give me an opportunity of discovering it a huge dose of it would have the same effect on me."

"Is that another failure in the way of a compliment?"

"No; only the wish of an earnest inquirer into psychological mysteries."

"Please don't finish," she interrupted; "I have been cross, but I don't deserve such awful punishment as your turning German and transcendental."

"Then tell me what you are going to do to-morrow."

"Nothing; I am never going to do anything more."

"Not even mischief?"

"More attempts at fine comedy points!"

"What has happened to you? My rarely your own society, or even a possum lecture from the good old Fanshawe, could not have made you so bitter—you must have had tons of letters to read and answer; there is no other affliction that could leave anybody so horribly savage."

As he spoke the laughing words, the fan which Leonie Dormer held, dropped and fell from her grasp—and as Lesley picked it up and restored it to her, he saw that her face had grown absolutely colorless, while her lips quivered pitifully under the smile which she received it. One of those strange changes in look and manner which had so often perplexed him during their acquaintance, which sometimes had led him into all sorts of odd speculations, at others made him realize her in his thoughts as a comely actress who never lost an opportunity of making a point. But he did not venture to ask a question or notice the change; she had so often been angry with him for remarking on her appearance at such occasions that he had learned wisdom.

"I believe your fan is broken," he said.

"Yes," returned she; "I did it on purpose—I was tired of it, and my maid always will make me carry it."

"Poor victim!" said he, mockingly.

She lifted her head with a movement of pride, and her eyes flashed as she answered—

"I shall never be that peaceably, I fancy. I should find a way out as I did now."

She seemed to be answering some thought in her own mind rather than his idle words, and to be made conscious by his look of the exaggeration of her words and manner. She opened the broken fan, and seemed occupied in examining the extent of the injuries it had sustained.

Lesley was vexed that he could not decide whether she would not trust him enough to let him see that she really was troubled, or whether it was all acting.

"Are you beginning to pity it already?" he asked. "They say women do destroy everything that gets into their hands, from fans to hearts, and then are sorry after."

"I never pity anything," returned she, but her voice was sharp in spite of an apparent effort to make it careless. "I am going home. I see my cousin in the distance beckoning in an appealing way. I'll not stay any longer to be abused."

"I shall see you as you come down stairs."

"No; I promised Mr. Baring that he should have the supreme felicity of putting me in the carriage—he is a patient wretch and deserves a little reward for all the lovely flowers he sends me."

Up came a rigid but good-natured looking Mrs. Fanshawe, with so great a solemnity of

virtue and propriety in her face, that it needed the expression of placidity under it not to make an ill-regulated mind hate her outright.

Mrs. Dormer passed up stairs in her usual way, and Lesley made his way to the dressing-room a sign to the maid to bring a portion of humanity. He was down stairs again and standing on the vestibule step in time to see Mrs. Dormer come out leaning on the arm of the patient Baring, who was radiant in the gas light over his poor tiny bit of happiness.

As the widow seated herself in the carriage, Lesley caught her eye and bowed—she smiled at him—a smile so wan and dreary that it sent him home wondering more than ever at the incomprehensible woman, wondering, too, at the hold which she had gained upon his mind and fancy—even his heart he was inclined to think, as he smoked many a flint pipe in the retracing of his bachelor's log-fire, and recalled the course of their acquaintance from that first sight he caught of her sitting in her opera box with the tired, absent look he had learned to know so well, as if her soul had gone leagues away from the music, the crowd, and in the whole world there was no human being who could find the spell that would bring it back.

When the carriage reached home, Mrs. Fanshawe, with the usual perversity of human nature, was inclined to detain Leonie for a little chat just because the young woman was in a mood to hate the sound of any mortal voice and the sight of any mortal face.

Leonie got away from her by pleading extreme fatigue, though that admission led to another annoyance first—Mrs. Fanshawe would pity her.

"You do look quite pale and worn out," she said; "we ought to have come away earlier. Won't you let me give you something? I'm sure you are ill."

"No, no; I only want sleep," Leonie declared, calling up a smile as she hastily bade her cousin good-night, by way of relieving Mrs. Fanshawe's anxiety.

But the smile faded as she entered her own room and sank wearily into a chair, leaning her head upon her hand with that long breath of relief which means so much when one has been playing a part, and one effort to sit still and be natural. Gradually the tired look changed into an expression of deep thought as Leonie sat gazing straight before her in an abstracted way, and her face showed plainly that they were anything but pleasant reflections which filled her mind.

It was not the manner in which a person wears a new trouble; it was the weariness and half-defiant way in which one faces a suffering that has grown familiar, and is all the more galling and throeome on that account. At last she drew her writing-table toward her and unlocked it, but as she flung back the lid a sealed letter lying on the top of the papers met her eye. She gave a quick start and pushed the box from her with a gesture of repulsion as if some living and unutterably loathsome thing had confronted her.

"Letters, letters," was her thought, for long ago she had too carefully shielded herself to indulge in the weakness of thinking aloud. Mark Lesley wanted to know if she had been receiving letters! I can't read—I won't! She pushed the case aside, rose and began walking up and down the room, flinging her hands about, but bling everything that she touched impatiently away, irritated even by the slight sound her dress made on the carpet, after the fashion of a woman who has a heavy burthen to bear and has never been able to force herself into doing so with any approach to resignation.

She came back to the table at last and took up the letter, regarding the sup-scription for a moment—addressed to herself in a careless masculine hand—finally tore open the envelope and read the hastily written pages with eyes that revealed many mingled emotions, amid which it was difficult to tell whether anger or fear were uppermost.

Long after, almost up to daylight, Leonie Dormer sat writing her answer to that epistle, pausing often as if she would to it, never taking, but always going back to it, never relinquishing it until the whole was written and bidden out of sight. Then the restless march was resumed; rage, fright, absolute despair tugged at her heart as they had so often done before, and the stillness seemed to her excited fancy full of voices that mocked coldly at her pain. Thus she wore the night out, and saw the dawn break chill and dismal, and crept away to her bed, not so much to sleep as to shut out the hateful light which she could almost have prayed never to meet again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR JUDGMENT OF POETRY.—The following, from a recent article in the *London Spectator*, seems worthy of consideration:

"At our estimates of poets depend on a full capacity for sympathy with their poetical aims and for insight into their poetical world. Directly we catch ourselves ridiculing and depreciating poetry which has made a profound impression on our mind, clearly broader, or deeper, or even fuller of minor choruses than our own, we may be quite sure that for estimating the relative magnitude of that poetic star in the firmament, we are utterly incompetent. Of specific faults and deficiencies in a poet whose full power we feel, we may judge. But of the relative worth of poetry which evidently has an infinitely higher attraction for other, and equally impressive, or more impressive, intellects than it has for us, we cannot possibly be respectable judges."

THE SURVIVOR OF STRACHOBY was signed September 28th, by Colonel Lezinaki. Four hundred and fifty-one officers and seven thousand men laid down their arms.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH pays its twenty-eight bishops an annual salary of £780,500, an average of about £28,000 each, the highest salary being that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which is £75,000 a year.

A description of a dress made in New York is given, which states that it is made of black Lyons velvet, trimmed with colored satin, white Brussels point lace, artificial flowers and ostrich plumes. It cost \$1,200. It is exceedingly tasteful, and weighs about ninety pounds. The train is six yards in length, longer than several gowns.

A marriage ceremony was brought to an abrupt termination at Kingston, N. Y., last week, by a sudden weakening of conscience on the part of the bride, who declared that she had a husband still alive.

Many sub-ornaments sold for genuine are mere imitations. Beads sold for clotted amber are often but a mixture of glass, which are soft and become dull and dirty on the surface. The same amber is easily shown. Scrape a small portion of the suspected material to powder, and if it dissolves in turpentine, whether hot or cold, it is not amber. Real amber does not scratch readily.

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1876.

### TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Club subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and \$60—we will read Grover & Barker's No. 23 Machine, price \$35. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The list may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address  
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,  
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.  
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We begin this fine story in the present number.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers.

Still, as the extra edition may not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

COMPLIMENTARY—OR NOT.  
A good anecdote is told by a recent biographer of the celebrated Boston advocate, Rufus Choate—who knew almost as much about law as the proverbial "Philadelphia lawyer." It was a case of embezzlement, and Dixy—one of the guilty parties—was being cross-examined by Mr. Choate, to find out what the exact nature of the agreement between him and a Mr. Pitman was:—

The witness said that Pitman proposed the scheme, and that he objected to it, among other reasons, as dangerous. To which, he said, Pitman made a suggestion intended to satisfy him. Mr. Choate insisted on knowing what that suggestion was. The witness seemed reluctant to give it. Mr. Choate was peremptory, and the witness became interested.

"Well," said Dixy at last, "if you must know, he said that if any trouble came of it we could have Rufus Choate to defend us, and he would get us off if we were caught with the money in our boots." It was several minutes before the Court could get on with the business such was the burst of laughter. For a few moments Mr. Choate seemed uncertain how to take it. He did not rely on the nature of the compliment, and yet it was a striking tribute to his fame that two men, at the antipodes, should concoct a great fraud relying upon his genius to save them.

The above reminds us of a story told by a friend of ours—of how a lawyer of this city burst into his room one day, exclaiming proudly, "I have gained my case in spite of the law and the evidence!"

And this reminds us of what Peter the Great said when in England, after listening awhile to the lawyers in Westminster Hall: "I have only got one lawyer in Russia, and when I reach home I intend to hang him."

PIPE CLAY.—The last reason given for the success of the Prussians over the French, is the great amount of "Pipe Clay"—a rich discipline, severe subordination, etc.—in the former, while the French are "Democratic" to the extent of looseness in their discipline, and in the relations between superior and inferior. This will do to put against the superior Prussian education theory, which probably is all bunk. Our own opinion still inclines to the view that superior numbers have decided the contest thus far—superiority alike in the whole, and at the vital points. If the French



**AN UNDESIRABLE WOMAN'S RIGHT.**—Women have their rights, of which no man should seek to deprive them. Thus a gentleman in Wisconsin writes to us as follows:—

"I had thought of not renewing my subscription to THE POST—but my wife says she will not be without it."

A sensible woman—one who knows her right to have a good literary paper for the weekly reading of herself and children. How often is it that the husband will take several political papers, in which his wife and children have no interest, and yet decline to take any paper for them. He had better save the money out of their clothing or table expenses, or even school bills—do say nothing of his own whiskey and tobacco. The amount of general information and wise counsel given in the columns of a good paper is greater than can be got for the money in any other way. Teachers of schools always can see the difference between those children who read the paper and those who do not—the former are wide-awake, and well posted upon a number of subjects of which the latter are entirely ignorant.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.**—We are glad to learn that the University is about erecting a new and handsome building in West Philadelphia. We have only one hint to give the architect—and that is, to provide for sufficient ventilation. We have heard that the present building is simply abominable in the respect of foul air in its class-rooms. And just think of an institution which professes to be an University—a teacher of Universal knowledge—and yet does not know enough to ventilate its rooms.

An unventilated University! That is an appropriate type of three-fourths of our present system of Education! Professors of Greek literature—poring over Greek all their lives, without being able to acquire the first breath of the Greek spirit, the first idea of the Greek mode of thought and action. Professors of Medicine—who apparently have not the least conception of the importance of pure air to those who would think deeply and truly, or live healthily! It is all of a piece—words, words, words, and drugs, drugs, drugs.

**THE PUBLIC LEDGER.**—Our neighbors of *The Ledger* have increased the size of that popular daily paper, to meet, we suppose, the pressure upon its advertising and news columns. *The Ledger* is an excellent paper, for its news department is both reliable and condensed, the wheat being sifted from the chaff by the editors, and the readers thus saved an often tiresome duty. Its editorials also are sound, instructive and ably written. May its circulation continue to increase, and its shadow never be less.

**COMPLIMENTARY.**—A letter just received from W. T. W., of Williamsburg, Ohio, says:—

"I take a great many of the prominent literary papers of the day, but I consider 'THE POST' far superior to any of them in every respect. Indeed the elegant and chaste reading matter with which it is filled, cannot be compared with the trashy and 'dime novel' style of literature which is found in so many so-called literary papers."

**A WORD OF ADVICE TO EXCITABLE PEOPLE.**—If you fail to get a paper or picture that you are entitled to, owing to an oversight of our clerks, carelessness in the post office, &c., do not get excited about it, but sit down and write to us relative to the matter. It is not likely that a paper that has been established for nearly fifty years, and maintained a reputation for honesty all that time, would begin at this late day to swindle the public.

**TOO MUCH GAB.**—A correspondent of the *daily Press* says:—

It is not "lack of education" which prevents France from establishing a stable and free government, but rather a superfluity of theories suggested by three thousand writers existing in Paris alone, of whom the vast majority have become unfit to live in the present social organization of Europe or America, and consequently are about unturning it, and will probably succeed before the end of this century—at least for their France.

Perhaps there is something in that.

**RUBBER GOODS.**—A correspondent wishes us to publish a good receipt for mending rubber goods. We know of no good one. We have people in this city who profess to mend rubber shoes, for instance, but the mending generally does not amount to much. If any of our readers has a good receipt of the kind we should be pleased to publish it.

**THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN** says that about half the \$2,000 needed for the support of the three scientific men who propose to spend the coming winter on the summit of Mount Washington, N. H., has already been raised, and the remainder will doubtless be soon obtained. They expect to be snowed in at the Top House from December till March, but will maintain daily communication with the lower world by telegraph. The room which they intend to occupy is to be lined with felt, and they expect to use twenty tons of coal during the winter.

The total capture by the Prussians since the war began are as follows:—One marshal, 36 generals, 3,250 officers, 106,950 privates, 10,280 horses, at least 50 eagles, 100 mitrailleurs, 867 field and fortress guns, over 400 wagons and trains, several pontoon trains, magazines, railway trains, with an incalculable quantity of supplies in arms, ammunition, clothing, equipments, forage and provisions.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE REIGN OF LAW.** By the Duke of Argyll. First American from the fifth London edition. Published by De Witt C. Lent & Co., 351 Broome street, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remond & Haffner, Philadelphia. We have read with a good deal of interest several of these articles. The Duke disagrees in many things with the "Positive," and shows, in a clear and able manner, how religion and science are, and should be, in harmony with each other.

**THE STORY OF A WORKING MAN'S LIFE:** With Sketches of Travel in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, as related by himself. By FRANCIS MARION D.D. With an Introduction by William R. Williams, D.D. Published by Oakley, Mason & Co., 31 Murray street, New York; and also for sale by J. E. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

**THE PROVERB SERIES.** BY KATE J. NEELY. Consisting of three beautifully bound story books. "One Good Turn Deserves Another," "Actions Speak Louder Than Words," "A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

**THE BOYS OF GRAND PIER SCHOOL.** By the author of "The B. O. W. C." "The D.J. Club," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. This is one of the kind of books that boys delight in. Robert baronets in the mysterious camp of the B. O. W. C., wrestling matches, in which the tall and handsome hero comes off victorious, having pitched his enemy into the dirty pool of water, and quantities of other adventurous doings, that stir the blood of Young America. The pictures are very good, the one entitled "Getting the Donkey up Stairs" being particularly exciting. The author of the "B. O. W. C." is rising to well deserved popularity; his books have nothing hurtful in them; and the overflowing mischief of these schoolboys is very promotive of laughter.

**CHARLEY AND EVA ROBERTS' HOME IN THE WEST.** By the author of "How Charley Roberts Became a Man," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

**THE LITTLE MAID OF OKHOB.** By MAY MANNING, author of "Climbing the Rope," "Billy Grimes' Favorite," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

**THE PINKS AND BLUES; OR, THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.** By ROSA ARBUTT, author of "Jack of All Trades," "Alexis, the Runaway," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

Four gentlemen have recently returned from Canada, having encountered a terrible ordeal of fire and smoke in that vast district which has been laid in ruins by the late conflagration. They themselves barely escaped with their lives, and were the witnesses of many sad spectacles of desolation and death. They relate a touching incident concerning a family whose house was attacked by the fire in the night, and who hurriedly escaped through the blinding smoke—all except one. There were five children, the eldest being sixteen and the youngest three. Three times the father rushed into the burning house, each time rescuing a child. The mother was almost insensible from fright, and he had to drag her out by main force. A little one, seven years old, the pet of the family, stood and said: "Take Janie and Mollie, (the two younger ones) first, papa!" and waited patiently until her turn. By some means, in the confusion of the hour, he thought she had been rescued, until her voice, now in tones of alarm, cried out, "Oh! papa, take me, take me, too! Come, papa—come, papa!" The father dashed toward the house, which was now tottering in the flames—but was too late! He had hardly placed his foot upon the stairs when the roof fell in, and the entire structure came crashing down. "Ah!" he exclaimed, in relating the sad story, "I would have gone in and died with her, but I remembered the others. But I'll never forgive myself, never!"

**Bismarck's Calculations.** One of the sharp Parisian journalists, investigating the cause of the war, attributes it to the *placidity*. Count Bismarck, he says, carefully watched all that was done in Paris early in the year. "Of the army," he said, "285,657 soldiers voted *Yes*, and 40,210 voted *No*—total, 325,877. This," he argued, "is the full amount that Napoleon can bring into the field at short notice." Therefore, Moltke taking the same view, preparations for accepting the expected challenge from the Emperor were quietly but earnestly made in Germany, and when the challenge came a German army marched into France, instead of a French army invading Germany. It appears that, as Bismarck had counted, Napoleon had only 350,000 soldiers ready for action.

**REPORTED FRENCH VICTORIES.**—Telegrams earlier date of September 30th, bring advice of alleged French successes in forcing back the Prussians around Paris. One account (unofficial) says that the Crown Prince was finally compelled to order a retreat upon Boulogne, abandoning Versailles to the victorious French. The Germans lost 5,000 prisoners, among whom are many officers of the staff of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and fifty regiments and militiamen. A number of regiments of Baden troops mutilated on the battle field, and refused to go under fire.

The rain-fall of Sept. 29 was a flood in Virginia. The water is said to have been 28 feet higher at Lynchburg than ever before. We should like to have had about a fourth of it in Eastern Pennsylvania.

A lady at Green Bay, Wis., recently gave a baby party at her house. Sixty baby carriages were ranged side by side in the yard at one time. When the nurses were ready to move there was such a rumormongering on the conveyances that they could not tell one from the other.

**BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.**—If a man will only start with a fixed and honorable purpose in life, and strictly and persistently attempt to carry it out to the best of his ability, undisturbed by failure or delay, the time may be long in coming, but come it will, when that purpose will be achieved.

We shall have no more trouble from the Chinese. They have taken to using kerosene lamps.

In a new collection of American poems, edited by Mr. Broctmann, a critic in good repute in Germany, are six by Mr. John A. Dorgan, of Philadelphia, who died three years ago. We do not know whether they are printed in English or translated into German. Mr. Dorgan's friends ought to issue a new and enlarged edition of his poems.

A contemporary says that to prevent having a red nose in winter, a good remedy is to bathe the face in ice water before going out, and to keep the mouth shut for five minutes after going into the open air.

If as many people gave money as advice, the poverty of the world would be extinguished.

A dog entered a grocery store in Brunswick, Me., recently, when a dog attacked him, bit off his tail, then ran to the door and led it shrieking back to its quarters in the rear. The dog then returned to the store, picked up the tail and carried it out to the dog.

**THE MODERN JOB.**—A DRAMATIC POEM. By Henry Peterson. 134 pages. Price \$1.50.

A poem of remarkable force, possessing many elements of beauty, and sharp-cut in its delineations of character. Its story is simple, and suggested by the history of the Man of Uz. Job Goodman, a Pennsylvania farmer, marries his daughter, and Job, as his chief personage, is in his misadventure, who believes in no god and scoffs at the religion of the day. Goodman is a happy man, but hapless in his daughter's marriage, who is owed on one count to the strong arm of justice, the debt, Job believes neither in good nor in evil, but around his heart, his mind would have been so much as to say, "I am a man of Uz." To his mourning, come comforters, the poor man's Paul and Calvin. They tell him that the punishment of the wicked is to be eternally damned, and that the reward of the good is to be eternally blessed. Job is not so much as to say, "I am a man of Uz." To his mourning, come comforters, the poor man's Paul and Calvin. 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thus to their interest, as we  
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GRAVING for next year is a beauti-  
ful plate called "The Sisters." It  
is engraved on steel, by the celebrated  
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gravings); and to the getter-up of a  
Club of five or over, an extra copy  
of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S  
FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs  
are composed of both old and new  
subscribers, the latter should have the  
word "new" written opposite their  
names. The subscriptions should be  
sent on as soon as obtained (even when  
the lists, if large, are not full) in or-  
der that the forwarding of the paper  
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ALL NEW Subscribers (single or in  
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November and December numbers of  
the present year in addition—making  
14 months in all! And those sending  
their names by the first of Decem-  
ber, shall receive the magnificent De-  
cember Holiday number, making thir-  
teen months in all!

### Incident on the Mississippi.

A clever writer in the Michigan Free-  
man gives the following graphic sketch of  
an incident occurring during a Mascoie ex-  
cursion on the Mississippi, which cool and  
chivalrous Knight Templarship alone saved  
from proving fatally disastrous:—

It was a magnificent sight to see our im-  
mense boat accompanied by the Lady Gay  
and the Belle of Alton, their decks crowded  
with fair ladies and Knights Templar, bands  
of music, distinguished citizens, and invited  
guests, as they steamed up the Mississippi,  
then down to Jefferson Barracks, where we  
all went on shore to spend a pleasant hour,  
after which we again went on board and  
steamed merrily up the river.

I was standing near the captain. The com-  
mander of the Templars came and leaned  
weirily on the captain. I turned to Reuben  
Milton, and whispered in his ear these  
words: "That man was born to command." He  
had the form of a Hercules, the head of an  
Apollo, and the eye of an eagle, and, as  
circumstances afterwards demonstrated, the  
heart of a lion. Although not so very  
large, he appeared larger than he really was;  
he was full and athletic, and still every pro-  
portion was a symmetry, and every move-  
ment a grace.

While he was still leaning silently on the  
captain, and while I was yet analyzing his  
fine countenance, the captain of the steamer,  
with pale lips and blanched cheeks, ap-  
proached the young Templar, and, in a low  
tone and trembling voice, said:

"Great God! sir, we are sinking. We are  
sinking, sir, in the bottom, and nothing can  
save us."

"How long can you keep her afloat?"  
carelessly inquired the young Templar.

"She may go down in five minutes; she  
cannot keep afloat more than fifteen," re-  
plied the captain.

"Do not make your situation known to  
any one except your crew, or we will have a  
panic, and then all will be lost. Signal  
the Lady Gay to lean to; none will no-  
tice or understand the signal of distress. Get  
your crew and hands ready to move, I will  
manage the rest."

"Blow, Warrier, blow," said the young

Templar, speaking to his ensign, who stood

near him, at the same time leaning upon the

captain. Every one was startled by a shrill

blast from the Warrier's trumpet. A hun-  
dred Templars' swords leaped from their

scabbards at the blast.

"Attention, Sir Knights," shouted the

young commander. "The next ceremony

in the programme is for the Sir Knights,

ladies and gentlemen, on this boat to make

a visit to our friends on board the Lady Gay.

As the steamers are rapidly approaching

each other, and cannot be kept but a minute

or two together, the movement must be a

rapid one. You will form procession at once,

and as the boats come together, pass over

the gangway under an arch of steel, to the

lower deck of the Lady Gay. Forward, Sir

Knights, to the gangway. Music in front.

The band will play "The Knights Templar

Quickstep."

In obedience to these orders, the Knights

formed a double line to the gangway, facing

round, with swords crossed above the heads

of those forming the procession. In less

than eight minutes the whole precious cargo

of human life had passed from the Missis-  
sippi to the Lady Gay, even to the colored

cook, except the two flies of Templars, when

the young commander ordered: "From the

rear, right and left inward wheel, march,"

and flying inward, the Templars rapidly

passed over the gangway to the Lady Gay,

the young commander being the last to leave.

One minute more and the Mississippi steamer

sank to the bottom.

### Anecdotes.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—Talking with a  
friend a few days since, while fishing at  
Pelham Bridge, we were told the following  
anecdote, hitherto unpublished, in connec-  
tion with the late Archbishop Hughes:—He  
had been overworked, and for recuperation  
had gone to Long Branch. There he found  
two or three gentlemen with whom he was  
on terms of personal intimacy, who saw that  
what the bishop required was quiet, pleas-  
ant diversion. They therefore proposed a  
row out to the "fishing-banks," and a day's  
fishing. Next morning, having secured the  
services of the leading fisherman at the  
Branch, they were towed out. The morn-  
ing being somewhat foggy, the bishop en-  
veloped himself in a cloak. Just as they  
were coming to the right place for anchor-  
ing the boatman saw bearing down for the  
same spot a steamboat, which so annoyed  
him that he commenced to swear quite  
freely. One of the gentlemen quietly nudged  
him, and glanced at the bishop. But the  
fisherman "didn't take," and "rippled out"  
again awfully. "Sh!—sh!" quietly whis-  
pered the gentleman, giving him another  
nudge, and a significant and deprecatory  
glance at the bishop, whereat the old fellow  
paused, and, leaving over, asked, in a whis-  
per, "Is the old man pious?" The answer  
was a nod, and he ceased. The bishop  
would occasionally, with great point, nar-  
rate this little incident.

CALL ON THE MEMBERS.—The members  
of a church in one of the very rural towns  
of Illinois recently procured a small cottage  
organ to aid the vocal services. This was  
quite acceptable to most of the congrega-  
tion; but one good brother was opposed to  
it. On the Sunday evening following his in-  
troduction he was called on, as usual, to  
close the meeting with prayer. Raising his  
head, he replied, "Call on the members; if  
it is doing, it can pray. Call on the members."

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—A bright young  
lady of Indian, on hearing of the approach-  
ing marriage of a friend, at a dance and (dashed  
off the following, to "find her mind of the con-  
sciousness of neglected duty:—"My dear—  
I hear you and—will soon be joined by  
the holy bonds of matrimony, and are you  
have quite passed into his hands I wish to  
give you a few words of advice. Be kind to  
him, for he is one that must be treated ten-  
derly, or fade away. Love him much, for  
he is worthy of all trust, honor, and love.  
And when you stand to be united, be ever  
ready with your own strong arm; in the ex-  
citement of the scene he may exhaust his  
sensitive nature, and, unless you lend him  
your aid, he may faint away. Treat him  
carefully. Make the fires to him. Saw his  
wood for him. Work for him. Walk for  
him. Kill yourself for him. Then, if on  
your death-bed he thanks you, humbly ac-  
cept his thanks, and depart in peace!"

THIR.—Recently, in one of the schools  
taught by a young lady, a colored girl  
whispered to her teacher, and said:—"Miss,  
won't you please give me a Bible lesson; I  
they call on me to preach some time, and  
I've mighty tight upon the words."—Harper's  
Magazine.

### MORNING MEDITATIONS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning betray,  
How well to rise while nights and larks are  
flying,—  
For my part, getting up seems not so easy  
By half as lying.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,  
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out,—  
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?  
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums,  
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning  
prime,—  
Only his long enough, and bed becomes  
A bed of thine.

To me Dan Phoebe and his care are nought,  
His staid that the rosy-fingered girl,—  
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,  
The first turn out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,  
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;  
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer  
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
And grumbling for a reason, quietly begs  
Wherefore should master rise before the  
hens

Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start  
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?  
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,  
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."  
Well,—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,  
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and  
sup;  
But I'm no climbing-boy, and need not be  
All up,—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,  
Till something nearer to the stroke of  
noon;  
A man that's (tongue) precociously stirring,  
Must be a spoon.

### MISS CARYL'S CHOICE.

Sunset in the tropics! A great ball of  
refracted fire sinking down the western sky,  
and without a single cloud out of which to  
make a bank of violet or pyramid of gold,  
plunging into the broad expanse of sapphire  
and the fragrant breath of the newly risen land  
breeze, a chorus of insect voices breaking  
into rejoicing, feathery palms waving their  
plumy crests, bananas raising their drooping  
boughs, cactuses rustling their broad leaves,  
royal flowers, for which botany has no name,  
dinging out their perfume like myriad  
censers, and the transparent veil of tropical  
gloom falling like enchantment over the  
earth, that had seemed to pant under the  
fiery kisses of the Day-God a little while  
before, and the ocean that had lain in one  
unbroken sheet like a great glittering mirror.  
Earth, air and ocean seemed to say,  
"we breathe again!" And so, in less beau-  
tiful, but more intelligible language, said  
a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had left  
the dining-room behind them and assembled  
on a lawn that swept before one of the most  
charming residences on the outskirts of  
Kingston, in the island of Jamaica. Against  
the feathery foliage of vivid green which  
surrounded them, their white clad figures  
stood out with admirable effect; and as they  
stepped their after-dinner coffee, with a soft  
dash of surf in their ears, with an air full of  
aromatic odors breathing over them, with a  
crown of blue, misty hills stretching away  
on one side, and the magnificent harbor of  
Port Royal on the other, with the glory of  
tropical nature around, and the divine opales-  
cent sea outspread before, one might  
naturally have expected that their words  
would reflect, at least in a measure, the  
beauty of the scene, and the voluptuous  
charm of the hour. Instead of this, their  
conversation had strayed far from the serene  
loveliness of Nature into the barren field of  
social ethics. They were talking of women  
and love—two subjects which mostly go to-  
gether in the minds of the majority of man-  
kind—and one of their number had advanced  
a theory of his own relative to the matter.

"It is my decided opinion," said this  
gentleman—who, it was plain to see, owned  
a decided opinion on every point where an  
opinion of any sort was practicable—"that  
a woman's love, and by love, of course, I  
mean a *grande passion*, can stand any test  
in the world, excepting the test of ridicule.  
Reason has to effect on it; expediency  
preaches in vain; ill-treatment, scorn, ne-  
glect, it is proof against. But if ridicule  
once touches it, all is at an end. It never  
survives the first blast of that."

"Do you speak from personal knowledge,  
Mr. Fleming?" asked one of the ladies of  
the group. "Have you ever known an in-  
stance where a woman's love died from the  
effect of ridicule?"

"I have known countless instances, my  
dear Mrs. Denham," replied Mr. Fleming.  
"In fact, I may safely say that I never knew  
an instance where it failed to do so."

"A fiction, or a mere fancy, perhaps,  
but surely not a strong, earnest case of real  
love."

Mr. Fleming shrugged his shoulders.  
"My dear madam, I would not pretend to  
recognize a strong, earnest case of real  
love," if I saw it. It would be something  
out of my line, and quite beyond me, I am  
confident. But I have seen people as pas-  
sionate and full of ardor as Juliet, and I can  
assure you that their love died ignominiously  
the first moment that ridicule touched its  
object. If I were hopelessly enamored of a  
woman," pursued the gentleman, extending  
his hand with the action of an orator, and  
addressing the company in general, "and if  
this woman were so foolishly blind as to pre-  
fer some other man to me, do you think I  
would waste time in challenging or poison-  
ing or poisoning him with the devil? No—I  
would move heaven and earth to place him  
in a ridiculous position, and I would then  
rest content, perfectly sure that in her mind  
I should have forever taken the place of love  
toward him."

"I think you are mistaken," said one of  
two of the gentlemen, while the ladies re-  
mained eagerly silent.

"My ladies!" cried Mr. Fleming with  
some heat, the heat of a man unconsciously  
contradicted. "You better tell me I'm not  
sitting here, and you all are not sitting round  
me. Mistakes! If there be one thing more  
than another on which I pique myself, it is  
my consummate knowledge of feminine na-  
ture. You might as well try to teach Napo-  
leon state-craft, as to dispute my ability to  
judge on this subject. I tell you"—and  
here an outspread hand came down with  
some force on the speaker's knee—"hero-  
worship is the essence of woman's love. She  
can't love a man, forsooth, she must needs  
love a demigod; and since demigods don't  
walk the earth these days, she is compelled  
to manufacture one of her own worship.  
Now, you can imagine a demigod unfortu-  
nate, or persecuted, or maligned—you can  
even imagine him a rascal without much  
difficulty—but you can't imagine him ridi-  
culed. Make him ridiculous, therefore, and  
down he tumbles from his pedestal."  
"There's a good deal in that," said one  
laughing, sallow-complexioned young gen-  
tleman, in a reflective tone. "I—well,  
really, I begin to think you are right, Flem-  
ing."

"I know I am right," said Fleming, with  
the calm superiority of a man who feels his  
position to be unassailable. "If anybody  
counts it—"

"I doubt it," said another gentleman—a  
tall, handsome man, of English aspect. "It  
sounds very well, but it is all nonsense, es-  
pecially the demigod part. I don't believe  
there is one woman in a thousand who builds  
up such a fancy as that. The most of them  
fall in love with a man, and know it as well  
as you or I do. They don't expect anything  
remarkable of him, either; and if a little  
ridicule comes, their love is none the worse  
for it. As for the transcendental creatures  
who want a lover as transcendental as them-  
selves, they must be such unutterable bores  
that a man might be glad to be rid of them  
at any cost."

"Even at the cost of ridicule?"  
"Yes, by Jove, even at the cost of being  
dashed in a horse-pond, if necessary. I agree  
with you to a certain point, however," the  
speaker went on. "There is one test that  
no woman's love will bear, and I incline to  
think that this test is disgrace."

"Disgrace!" cried the company in chorus,  
and then there was a tumult. The ladies  
denied, the gentlemen questioned, there was  
overt and doubt on all sides, and it was some  
time before anything like a lull could be ob-  
tained. Then the gentleman who had ad-  
vanced this heterodox view, said quietly—

"We have not heard Miss Caryl's opinion

yet."

He looked toward one of the ladies as he  
spoke, and following the direction of his  
eyes, several other people looked also. The  
object of this scrutiny—a fair, stately girl,  
who bore such a striking resemblance to  
Mrs. Denham, that it was at once obvious  
that they were sisters—was sitting a little  
apart from the rest, and had taken no share  
in the discussion. Indeed, she was listening  
so attentively to something that a slender,  
dark-eyed man at her elbow was saying, that  
when her attention was thus directly de-  
manded, she was obliged to ask some infor-  
mation about the point at issue. When this  
information had been given, her opinion was  
not long in following.

"If you mean it for a serious question," she  
said, "I don't think there can be a doubt of  
the answer. Ridicule would not be a pleas-  
ant thing, of course, and might shatter a  
little of that heroic glamor of which Mr.  
Fleming talks, but love worth calling love  
would never die from such a trifling cause.  
Disgrace, however, is a different matter—I  
can well believe that in an honorable mind  
no passion would survive that."

"But, my dear Helen!" cried two or  
three ladies, "suppose the disgrace were un-  
deserved?"

"Still it would be disgrace. A stain is a  
stain, let it come how it will. And then, it  
self-love is undeserved. For my part, I am  
thoroughly incredulous of innocence suffer-  
ing the penalty of guilt."

"You are quite right," said one of the  
gentlemen. "Not once in a hundred cases  
is there really such a thing. Yet every crim-  
inal of every degree, according to his show-  
ing, is an injured man. I really believe that  
a convict from the galleys would—Good  
heavens, Duchatel, what is the matter? Are  
you going to faint?"

"Honor," said the person addressed—the  
same dark-eyed man who was sitting next  
Miss Caryl—but he was white even to the  
lips, and the smile he gave was very forced.  
"I think the conversation has taken a very  
disagreeable turn, however. Fleming, you  
ought to be sent to Coventry for introducing  
such a subject."

"The subject was not of my introduc-  
tion," said Fleming, carelessly. "I stated  
my views, but Seabrook chose to dissent  
from them, and he has wandered in conse-  
quence—heaven only knows where! What  
is the point of all this talk, I confess, I don't  
see."

"The point is, that we are going to fall in  
love with some dreadful person, and find out  
the truth about him, and fall out again,"  
said a young lady, lightly. "Not a very  
agreeable prospect, I think. Mrs. Denham,  
is it to-morrow night that we pay a visit to  
the *Mercure*? That is rather an abrupt  
change of subject, I know, but I adore  
Frenchmen—Mr. Duchatel, you need not  
trouble yourself to bow—and I want to meet  
those charming officers again."

"Yes, it is to-morrow night," said Mrs.  
Denham, who was the hostess of the party.  
"I received a note from the captain this  
morning, reminding me of the engagement.  
There is to be an entertainment on board the  
vessel, I believe."

"That will be charming," said Miss Caryl.  
"A party on shipboard is really the plea-  
santest thing in the world. Do you remember  
how much we enjoyed the ball given by the  
officers of the *Cardinal*? I never feel so  
English as when I am on board a royal frigate.  
Mr. Duchatel, it will be your turn  
to glow with patriotic ardor to-morrow-  
night."

"Yes," said Mr. Duchatel, and then he  
stopped, hesitated, and finally went on hurriedly,  
"I hardly think I can accompany you to the  
vessel. I have business—a positive engage-  
ment—that will detain me in Kingston."

"What! not accompany us!" cried several  
voices. "Oh, that is quite impossible.  
We will not suffer such a desertion. Mrs.  
Denham, tell him that he must come."

"I would rather tell him how sorry we  
will all be if he does not," said Mrs. Den-  
ham, smiling. "Mr. Duchatel, you surely  
are not in earnest?"

"I am confident Mr. Duchatel is not,"  
said Mr. Seabrook, very much to every body's  
surprise, for it was well known that there  
was no good feeling between those two.  
"He forgets that he will be depriving him-  
self not only of that patriotic ardor of which  
Miss Caryl speaks, but also of the pleasure  
of feeling at home. At great pleasure, at an  
easy cost, for, in point of law, a French  
ship is French ground, you know."

The last words were spoken significantly—  
so significantly that more than one person  
noticed their expression, and noticed more the  
start that Duchatel gave. Once more he  
turned pale, but this time he did not look as  
if he was going to faint. On the contrary,  
he raised his head with the air of one who  
receives a challenge, and his dark eyes  
flashed haughtily as he looked at the speaker.  
Their glances crossed like two swords; then  
the young Frenchman turned to his hostess.

"I was quite in earnest, my dear Mrs.  
Denham; but, of course, I need not say that  
if you desire my presence I am at your  
command—for the *Mercure*, or elsewhere."

"I desire it undoubtedly," said Mrs. Den-  
ham, with the grace of a pretty woman,  
whose will has always been law to all around  
her. "I am much obliged to you for yield-  
ing so readily—I hate obstinate people.  
That point, then, is satisfactorily settled.  
Now, suppose we have some music. Annie,  
dear, will you sing?"

While the young lady so addressed was  
clearing her throat and tuning her guitar,  
Duchatel pushed back his chair, and, rais-  
ing his hat, he left the room. Night had fallen by this  
time, but it was that glorious night of the  
tropics, which is hardly deeper than the  
twilight of the temperate zones. The warm  
earth seemed exhaling perfumes, the lami-  
nated heaven flooded all things with the  
silver light of its brilliant constellations, and  
the divine murmur of the sea waxed fuller  
and fuller in his ears, as he left the lawn  
behind, and wandered towards the beach.  
Soon he was pacing up and down, with the  
tide flowing softly at his feet, and a  
storm of bitter thoughts tearing his heart  
and darkening his face. In the midst of this  
conflict a hand fell on his shoulder, and  
turning suddenly he faced Seabrook. The  
two men looked at each other for a moment  
—a child might have seen that there was no  
love in that look—and then the last com-  
er said quietly:

"There is nothing like the beach on such  
a night as this. I admired your taste, and  
so I followed your example. Will you give  
me a light for my cigar?"

Duchatel gave the light in silence. Then  
they turned and paced side by side, neither  
of them speaking, and no sound audible  
save the soft monotone of the surf, and the  
strains of music now and then floating  
down from the lawn above. Again it was  
Seabrook who spoke first—carelessly and  
laughingly.

"How clearly one is able to distinguish  
all the shipping in the harbor!—and what a  
fine sight the *Mercure* is as she lies yonder!  
I see a lantern at her peak, which means,  
of course, that her captain is on shore. All  
Kingston seems to be going crazy over these  
officers. You ought to be flattered, Duchatel,  
as a Frenchman."

"I am not enough of a Frenchman to feel  
any interest in the matter," said Duchatel  
shortly.

"Then, perhaps, it really is a bore to you  
to go on board that vessel to-morrow night?  
If so, I hope you won't allow anything I said  
to make you force your collection. Mrs.  
Denham, I am sure, would not press the  
point, and it might be safer for you to re-  
main on shore."

The young Frenchman frowned darkly,  
and his slight, nervous hands clenched them-  
selves, as if he would have liked to grasp  
the other's throat.

"What do you mean by 'safer'?" he  
asked hoarsely.

"I don't think I need to tell you what I  
mean," Seabrook answered coolly. "Come,  
Duchatel, we need not fence in the dark. I  
know who and what you are as well as you  
know it yourself, but it is no concern of  
mine to meddle with your past, unless you  
force me to do so.



reeding, and the strains of music growing clearer as he advanced, while the man whom he had left behind went to the water's edge and asked himself if there was any reason why he should not cast his life and all its burden down on those gently rippling waves.

The ball to be given on board the French frigate *Mercury* was a matter of great interest to all Kingston—to the unwashed *canaille*, as well as the brilliant *beau monde*—and consequently it was not a small number of the former class who, on the evening when it was to take place, gathered about the place of embarkation and watched the boats taking off their freight of festive company to the side of the brilliantly illuminated vessel. Among those watchers was one who persistently kept a place nearer the landing than any one else had been able to gain, and who observed with quick, eager interest, every face among the many constantly passing. He was a short, thick-set man, dressed in sailor costume, and of a swart repulsive countenance, which was adorned by a patch over one eye. He smoked a pipe as short and thick-set as himself, and in doing so displayed a hand elaborately tattooed with a blue anchor and other nautical devices. Still there was something about him which did not look like a sailor, and this, together with his phlegmatic taciturnity, attracted the attention of the crowd so much that, whenever there were no fine ladies and gentlemen at whom to stare, they amused themselves by jerry and jokes at him—jests and jokes of which their object took not the slightest notice. Well-loaded boats had been going to the ship for some time, when at last the Denham party—comprising some three or four ladies and as many gentlemen—arrived, and prepared to embark in the captain's gig, which the captain had gallantly sent for them. A murmur of admiration ran through the crowd—for some of the loveliest faces and loveliest tid-bits that had been seen that night were in this party—but the silent sailor took no part in the demonstration. He shifted his position, however, and pressed so far forward that he was summarily pushed aside by one of the gentlemen who was leading a lady in filmy draperies down to the boat. "How insolent these rascals are!" said this gentleman, who chanced to be Mr. Seabrook; but the lady, who was Miss Cary, smiled a little, as she answered, "We can surely afford to pardon them, since they only want to admire us." And, as she said this, she looked back to see what had become of the man whom her companion had nearly knocked down. She saw him in the act of slipping something into the hand of Duchatel, who was just behind her. No sooner had he accomplished this than he stepped back and vanished from sight.

There was a flavor of mystery in this brief pantomime that excited her curiosity. But she was a jewel among women; she had discretion enough to hold her tongue, and only kept her eye on the young Frenchman when they entered the boat and were pulling toward the vessel. Her attention was rewarded by seeing him open a slip of paper, and read a few lines pencilled within, but what was the nature and purport of those few lines nothing in his face informed her. It did not change by even so much as a shade, and when he looked up—crushing the paper in his hand, and dropping it over the boat into the water—it was to answer some slightly of his sex: neighbor as carelessly and lightly as it had been spoken. Still a woman's glance is keen—especially if any more than ordinary interest sharpen it—and Helen Cary felt confident that all was not well with the young man. She remembered that, by a species of social exaction very well known to women of a certain stamp, Mrs. Denham had absolutely forced him to make one of the party, and let him be gay as he would, she saw plainly that his inclination was toward the shore they were leaving behind, and not in the bright scene they were approaching. It is useless to deny that the young lady felt a little piqued by this knowledge—for many things had occurred to make her believe that where her presence should have been always be sunshine for Louis Duchatel—but still she was magnanimous enough to wish that her sister had been more considerate of his obvious reluctance, to wish that he could be gratified in his desire to remain in Kingston, and even to cast about in her mind for some means of accomplishing this end. She was still considering the point, and puzzling Mr. Seabrook a good deal by her grave silence—when the boat reached its destination, i. e., the ship. Immediately her attention was engaged by the brilliant ball-room into which the deck had been metamorphosed, and by the gallant cavaliers who thronged around her. As she was at once the prettiest woman and richest heiress in all Jamaica, the officers of the *Mercury* were not a whit behind her other admirers in point of devotion, and it was some time before she could find an opportunity to carry out an expedient which had suggested itself for Duchatel's release. At last, however, she managed to disperse her staff in various directions, on various errands, and, before any of them could return, she approached the young Frenchman, who chanced to be standing quite apart and quite alone.

"Mr. Duchatel," she said—and how the clear, silvery voice made him start—"find that I have left something quite in port—no fact, my dancing shoes behind. The captain is good enough to say that his gig shall be sent back for them, and I am bold enough to ask if you will go on the same errand. I could write a note to my maid, only it would be more trouble, and, somehow, I fancy you will not mind the errand."

"I shall be highly honored," said Duchatel; but a hot, sharp pang shot through his heart. Had Seabrook told her, and was this a mere stratagem devised in kindness to take him out of danger? He could not help thinking so, and the thoughts made his tone cold and hard—so cold and hard that the young lady hesitated a moment before going on.

"I know you are here against your own wishes," she said, hurriedly. "It was very inconsiderate of Bertha to urge the matter, and, if you care to do so, you can send the boat back without returning yourself. I will make your excuses to her."

"You are very good," said Duchatel, bitterly, for he felt now that his surmise was correct, and that all was known. "I ought to be deeply obliged to you," cried he, with a sudden burst of passion that made her start, "but *mon Dieu!* I am only a man, and I feel utterly reckless of the danger around me, and the fate before me—at any price I would meet both, since you know all, and I know it, are willing to dismiss me like this."

"The danger around you!—the fate before you!" cried Miss Cary, all agitated. "Good heavens! what do you mean?"—and



THE GRAVE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The above engraving represents the monument in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries, raised to the memory of the gifted poet Burns, author of "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Doon," and a host of songs dear to the heart of Scotland and all the rest of the English-speaking world.

Within the manse of the statue of Burns, sculptured from white marble by Turnerell. Coils, the poet genius of Scotland, is throwing "the inspiring mantle" over the life-size figure of Burns, who holds the plough with his left hand, while the right presses his farmer's bonnet to his

breast. He stands before us dressed as a Scottish ploughman—coat, breeches, and gaiters are all honestly given without affectation. The sculptor has, however, failed to catch the expressive power of Burns's countenance, and "Time's effacing fingers" seem likely to render indistinct the few features which had been truly given. The massive stone in the centre covers the entrance to the vault, and a gravestone at the foot of the statue bears an inscription recording the date of the poet's death and burial, and also that of the removal from his first grave to this vault.

The foundation-stone of this monument was not laid until June, 1818; but as this was but a space of nineteen years after the death of the man thus honored, it must be regarded as an unusually speedy recognition of poetic genius.

The Ayrshire ploughman was not faultless; but over his grave in St. Michael's churchyard, a whole nation has uttered its verdict, ignoring the harsh charges of the unloving, the narrow-minded, and the unforgiving, and placing Burns on high among the men of honor and renown.

what do you think I mean? I only know that you are anxious to be in Kingston, and I only thought—forgive me again if I am bold—that I would give you the opportunity of going without the trouble of an explanation with Bertha. That was all, I assure you, and if—and if there is any reason why you should be there, pray go at once."

"There is every reason why I should be there," said he, hoarsely, and a sudden impulse, half of despair, half of recklessness, came to him to tell her all. "I accept your offer, and I am glad to owe this—greater debt than you think—to your kindness. I may as well tell you that I have only been waiting a favorable moment to slip away, but this is a risk worse than the risk of death to set foot on this vessel, but I received a warning yonder—he pointed to the shore—"which tells me that I am more than a risk, which tells me that I am a free man only because the bloodhounds on my track have not yet reached me, but that if I remain here another hour, I shall be arrested."

"Arrested! Arrested as—" He stopped, his lips quivered, and he absolutely seemed incapable of uttering the word next on his lips; but after a moment he conquered himself, and with one grim effort wrenched out the hateful syllables, and flung them at his listener—"as an escaped convict from the penal settlement of Cayenne!"

Everything grew black before Helen Cary's eyes—the brilliant deck, with its shifting crowd, the broad, moonlit bay, even the face and form of the man before her faded away as she sat down white and shuddering, gasping for breath, and unable to utter a word. Through the thick mist Duchatel's voice fell on her ear, muffled and yet distinct—a voice vibrating with strange agony and stranger passion.

"I might have spared you this, but I knew you would hear it sooner or later, and I preferred to tell you myself. You think, no doubt, that I have been a villain to meet you as I have done with this knowledge ever between us. But there are some temptations beyond man's strength, and I thought—O, God! what a wild, mad dream it was!—that if you once told me of my disgrace, your words last night shivered that hope forever. I know now that, in your eyes, a stain is a stain, let it come how it will, and that if I could prove myself as innocent as the saint of God, you would turn away from me all the same. This thought was one thing that made me reckless enough to come here tonight. I knew I would never be taken alive, and I felt willing to throw away my life, if the worst came to the worst, in one wild struggle for freedom. But I am cooler now, and I see that this would be only melodramatic folly. So I will go. I must beg you to make my excuses to Mrs. Denham, and my adieux. I leave Kingston to-morrow, and will not see her again."

Miss Cary made a motion with her hand as if she wished to speak, but she did not see, or else did not heed it. He turned quietly away, and as he did so, the captain of the *Mercury*, attended by a half military, half official-looking party—some of one or two marines, came across the deck. The gallant seaman looked annoyed—evidently the duty thus forced upon him was but little to his taste—and quitting his companions abruptly, he came to Miss Cary's side.

"Mademoiselle, will you allow me—" he began hurriedly. But in a moment she divined what he meant, and rose with a strange eagerness on her pale face and parted lips.

"What is the meaning of this? Is Mr. Duchatel to be arrested here, where he is one of your own invited guests?"

"I regret to say that it is a matter of necessity," said the handsome sailor, looking surprised, for naturally he had not expected this knowledge from her. "The authorities of Cayenne demand him as a convict whose term of penal service has not expired, and I cannot refuse to comply with the demand."

"And you seize him on your own ship, where he came trusting in your faith?"

"Mademoiselle, this ship is French territory, and he should have known it. I would be guilty of a grave offence if I connived at his escape, or refused to aid the arrest."

"But at least for common justice sake you can—"

She broke off abruptly, with a cry of terror—a cry that was echoed from more than one throat, as the report of a pistol ran sharply over the deck, as above the pealing music and dancing feet sounded the scuffle and tramp of a deadly struggle, as a figure, bounding suddenly forward, dashed over the taffrail of the vessel, and, as simultaneously with its plunge into the water, the sentinel's guns flung forth, plunging the waves with a rain of bullets.

In a moment all was uproar and commotion among the guests, and when a rumor flashed through the crowd that it was Duchatel who had been arrested, who had fought so fiercely, and who had escaped, they thronged the side of the vessel, watching eagerly the boat that had been lowered, and was bounding forward in pursuit of the bold swimmer. For awhile the chase was a very exciting one, and it was doubtful whether the man would win; but, as was afterwards learned, he had been wounded by one of the shots fired from the ship, and the exhaustion consequent upon the loss of blood, and the struggle that had preceded it, was too much for him. His vigorous strokes slackened and weakened, the pursuers behind drew nearer and nearer, and at last, when insensibility had come, and he was in the very act of sinking, they gained his side, drew him into the boat, laid him like one dead in the bottom of it, and retraced their course to where the *Mercury* lay, hung fore and aft with lights, and glittering like a fairy palace.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, inquiries into the true state of the matter were naturally made, and everybody soon knew that the young Frenchman who had been for many months the social favorite, *par excellence*, of Jamaica, was nothing more nor less than an escaped convict of Cayenne. Tempering the horror and dismay of this a little, was the fact that he had been sentenced to the galleys for offences of a political nature, and therefore was not to be placed on a level with convicts of the baser kind. The officers of the *Mercury* all knew him by reputation, all remembered the time of his trial, and all assured his shocked friends and late entertainers that he was a criminal of the high grade, for even governments make distinction in crime. But all this did not mitigate the horrible truth that he was a convict—a convict who had been branded with the fiery sign of the *traficant* forces, who had worked with ball and chain, and who now lay heavily ironed, ready to be taken back to the death in life from which he had once escaped. It would be hard to say whether indignation or pity waxed most high among the people who a few hours before had laid him on so cordially; but nobody wondered that Mrs. Denham insisted on returning home.

"It was my fault that he came here," she

cried, with a burst of genuine emotion. "Oh, if I had only known, I would have done anything in the world sooner than have urged him to such a thing. It is shameful—it is terrible, and I would not stay here for the world. It breaks my heart to think of him, and to stay here and dance. I should have myself if I could do it. Send for Helen. Will somebody please go after my sister." Several somebody's volunteered for this service, and after awhile Miss Cary came, very pale, but quite composed in demeanor. She agreed with her sister that it would be better to go; and in a few minutes they took their departure. As they pulled across the bay, with the gleaming ship behind them, and the quiet town before, Miss Cary buried her face in her hands, and wondered dimly and vaguely if anything in the future would ever make amends for the bitterness of this hour.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Smart Folks.

There is a great deal said about certain persons being smart, but I do not believe two individuals can be found who would give the same definition of the term.

If a baby has teeth a little sooner, or practices "Ba, ba," when a little younger than some other mother's baby did, why it's a "smart baby."

If a child is bright and childlike, it is called "smart;" if it is shy and sober, that is a sure sign it is "smart;" but if it is bold and impudent, it is "very smart" in the eyes of some people.

If boys or girls are studious, they are styled "smart;" if they work well, they are "smart;" but if they are full of the very spirit of mischief, they are "smart" also.

If a young lady is dressy, smiles bewitchingly, and rattles fancy little nothings, she is "smart;" but if she is staid and grave, or talks fluently of nebulae, crustacea, and cytolones, she is "smart" too.

If she plays the pianoforte, she is supposed to be "smart;" but if, without knowing a flat from a sharp, she wields the rolling-pin and broom, of course she is "smart."

If a man is learned and wise, he is "smart;" but if he is witty and funny, even though he don't know a verb from a fraction, he is "smart" also.

If he makes speeches, of course he is "smart;" but if he does not, you will surely be told that he is "too smart to tell all he knows."

If he employs his superabundant brains on other people's affairs, he is "very smart," but if he has sense enough to mind his own business, he is "uncommonly smart."

If a boy supports his widowed mother, he is a "good, smart, clever lad;" but if he bullies his little sisters, runs in debt, and breaks his mother's heart, he may still be spoken of as a "smart young rascal, after all."

Curiosity Gratified.

The *Duchatel Journal* says that a curious individual was greatly perplexed at the opening of the *Mercury* to-morrow, the other night, to understand the why and wherefore of the three large canoes, which had a conspicuous position. He viewed them on all sides, thoughtfully summing up in his mind their probable use. At last his patience was exhausted, and turning suddenly about, he made bold to ask a Mason "What those canoes were for?" The Mason, looking about him to see that no one was near, and exclaiming most solemn promises of secrecy, got close up to the ear of his friend, and with bated breath whispered: "The canoes are to burn." The curious man hadn't told any peep about it, but somehow such things will leak out.

## THE SLAIN SOLDIER.

Never more those arms shall fold her,  
Never more that heart shall beat,  
Never more in sweet encounter  
Shall their lips in kisses meet.

Never more in loving whisper  
Shall that dear voice breathe her name,  
Never more his ear be charmed  
With her praises of his fame.

Never more her flowing tresses  
Veil her blushes from his gaze,  
Gone the glory of a lifeline,  
Gone the sun that lit her days.

Still he sleeps in Death's long slumber,  
Slain in war for Fatherland;  
In her heart doth freeze the warm blood,  
As she clasps that lifeless hand.

## BESSY RANE.

BY MISS HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &amp;c.

PART THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

JELLY'S TWO EVENING VISITS.

Jelly—to whom we are obliged to refer rather frequently, as she holds some important threads of the story in her hands—found times went very hard with her. A death within the house in addition to the death close without it, were almost more than Jelly could well do with in her present state of mind. The very peculiar and startling circumstances that had characterized Mrs. Rane's demise did not attend Mrs. Cumberland's; but it had been very sudden at last, and Jelly was sincerely attached to her mistress.

Dr. Rane was left sole master to his mother's will. It was a very simple one: she bequeathed him all she had. That was not much: for a portion of her income died with her. He found that he had two hundred a year—as he had known all along he should have—and her household furniture. Of ready money there was little. When he should have discharged trifling claims and paid the funeral expenses, some twenty or thirty pounds would remain over. And that was all.

Dr. Rane noted promptly. He discharged two of the servants, Ann and Dinah, retaining Jelly for the present to look after the house. He wished, if he could, to get the furniture taken with the house, for he knew how useless to the pocket it was in general; so he advertised it in the local papers. He had been advertising his premises—I think this has been said previously—but nothing satisfactory came of it. Inquiries had been made, but they all dropped through. Perhaps Dr. Rane was too honest to say his practice was worth much, or to conceal the fact that Mr. Sealey had the best of it in Dalry. Neither was the tonics money as yet paid over; and, putting out of consideration all other business, the doctor must have waited for that.

Now, of all things that could have happened, Jelly most disliked and dreaded the being left to herself in the house. From having been physically bold as a woman, she had lately become one of the most timid. She started at her own shadow, would not for the world have gone alone at night into the room where Mrs. Gaspe had died. A shivering kind of fear lay on her constantly. Having seen one ghost, Jelly could not feel sure that she should not see two. Some people hold a theory that there is given to a very few persons in this world—and not to others—the faculty, or gift, or whatever you may please to call it, of discerning supernatural sights and things pertaining to the other world. Jelly had heard this; and she took up the notion that for some wise purpose she had been suddenly endowed with it. To stay in the house alone was more than her brain would bear; and she seized upon Kettar's eldest girl, a starved dandel of thirteen, called at home "Nish," to come and live with her. As it was a month's time to feed, and they had tried to get Nish a place in vain—for the failure of trade affected all classes, and few servants seemed to be wanted everywhere, Kettar and his wife were very glad to let her go.

How do rumors get about? Can anybody tell? How did a certain rumor get about and begin to be whispered in Dalry? Certainly no one there could have told. Jelly could have been upon her Bible oath if necessary (or thought she could) that she had not sent it floating. It was a very ugly one whoever had done it.

Late one afternoon Jelly received a call from Mrs. Gaspe's smart housemaid. The girl brought a message from her mistress. Mrs. Gaspe wanted very particularly to see Jelly, and sent to say that Jelly was to go there as soon as she could. Jelly made no sort of objection. She had been confined to the house much more closely of late than she approved of; partly because Dr. Rane had charged her to be in the way in case people called to look over it; partly because she had found out that Miss Nish had a tendency to walk off, herself, if she could get Jelly's back turned.

"Now mind you sit still in the kitchen and attend to the fire, and listen to the door; and perhaps I'll bring you home a pair of strings for that basket of yours," said Jelly to the girl when she was ready to start. "The doctor will be in by-and-by, so don't attempt to get out of the way."

With these injunctions Jelly began her walk. She had on her best new mourning—a merino gown of fine texture and fringed shawl of the same—and was in a complacent mood. It looked incline for rain—the weather had been uncertain of late—but Jelly had her umbrella; a silk one that had been longed for her by many other things, to Jelly. She rather wondered what Mrs. Gaspe wanted with her, but engaged it was to tell her of a situation. It had been arranged that if an eligible one offered, Jelly should be at liberty to go, and a woman be placed in the house to take care of it. Mrs. Gaspe had said she would let Jelly know if she heard of anything desirable. So away went Jelly with a fleet foot, dute thinking what there was in store for her at her walk's end.

Mrs. Gaspe, wearing mourning also, was in her usual sitting-room, the dining-parlor. As Jelly entered, the smart maid was carrying out the tea tray. Mrs. Gaspe stirred up her fire, and bade Jelly to a chair near it, drawing her own pretty close to her.

"Just see whether that girl have that the door fast afore I begin," suggested Mrs.



Goss. "It won't do to have ears a listening to me."

Jelly went, saw that the door was closed, came back and sat down again. She noticed that Mr. Goss looked full in her face, as if studying it, before speaking.

"Jelly, what is it that you've been saying about Dr. Rane?"

The question was so unexpected that Jelly did not immediately answer it. Quite a change this, from an offer of a nice place.

"I've said nothing," she replied.

"No, you don't say that to me," said Mrs. Goss. "You have. And it would have been a great deal better for you that you'd out your tongue out before doing it."

"I said—what I did—to you, Mrs. Goss. To nobody else."

"Look here, girl—the mischief's done, and you'd a great deal better be looking it full in the face than driving it. There's reports getting up about Dr. Rane, in regard to his wife's death—and no mortal woman or man can have set 'em afloat but you. This morning I was in North Inlet, looking a bit after these reports of workmen, that won't work, and won't let others work if they can help it; and after I had given a look of my mind to as many of 'em as was standing about, I stepped in to Mother Green's. She has the rheumatism badly—and he has got a touch of it."

Talking to her of one thing and another, we got on to the subject of Dr. Rane and the doctor; and she said two or three words that frightened me; that frightened me, Jelly; for they pointed to the suspicion that he had married a wife to get it. I pretended to understand nothing—he didn't speak out broad enough for me to take it up and answer her—and it was the best plan not to understand."

"For an old woman, Mother Green has got the longest tongue I know," interrupted Jelly.

"You've got a longer," retorted Mrs. Goss. "Just wait till I've finished, girl. There's a tolerable lot more; and after that, I want waiting on, and struck off down by the Westchester. Packerton's wife was standing at the door, with cherry ribbons in her cap, and I stopped to talk to her. She brought up Dr. Rane; and lowered her voice as she did it, as if it was high treason; asking me if I'd heard what was being said about his wife not having died a natural death. I did give it the woman; and I think I frightened her. She acknowledged that she only spoke from a hint dropped by Timothy Wilks, and said she had thought at the time it couldn't have anything in it. But what I have got to say to you is this," continued Mrs. Goss to Jelly, more emphatically: "whether it's Tim Wilks that's spreading the report or whether it's Mother Green, they've both got it in the first place from you."

Jelly sat in discomfort. She did not like this. It is nothing to be charged with a fault when you are wholly innocent; but when someone says you are partly guilty it is another thing. Jelly was aware that one night at Mother Green's, taking supper with that old matron and Timothy, she had so far yielded to the conclusion of social gossip as to forget her usual reticence; and had said rather more than she ought. Still, at the worst, it had been but a word or two; a hint, but not a specific charge.

"I may have let fall an incautious word there," confessed Jelly. "But it was no thing anybody can take hold of."

"Don't you make sure of that," retorted Mrs. Goss. "We are told in the Sacred writings—which it's not well to mention in ordinary talk, and I'd only do it with reverence—that a grain of mustard seed, that's the least of all seeds when it's sown, and grows into the greatest tree. You remember who it is says that, Jelly, so it's not for me to rebuke upon it. But I may say this much, girl: that that's an apt exemplification of gossip. You drop one word, or it may be only half a one; and it goes spreading out pretty high over the world."

"I'm sure what with the weight and worry this dreadful secret has been on my mind, and driving me mad—the wonder is I haven't been able to keep as silent as I have," put in Jelly, who was getting cross. Mrs. Goss resumed.

"If the thing is what you think it to be—a dreadful secret; and it is brought to light through you, why I don't know that you'd get blamed—though there's many a one will say you might have spared your mistress's son, and left it for others to charge him. But suppose it turns out to be no dreadful secret; suppose poor Henny Rane died a natural death in the fever, what then?—where would you be?"

Jelly took off her black gloves as if they had grown suddenly tight for her hands. She said nothing.

"Look here, girl. My belief is that you've just set a brand afire; one that won't be put out until it's burnt out. My firm belief is, that you've set a brand afire. I have thought the matter over with myself hour after hour; and, except at the first moment when you whispered it to me in the churchyard, and I saw I was started, I have never been able to bring my common-sense to believe it. Over Rane loved his wife too well to hurt a hair of her head."

"There was that anonymous letter," cried Jelly.

"Whatever hand he might have had in that anonymous letter—and nobody knows the truth on't, whether he had or whether he hadn't—I don't believe he was the man to hurt a hair of his wife's head," repeated Mrs. Goss. "And for you to be spreading it about that he murdered her!"

"The circumstances all point to it," said Jelly.

"They don't."

"Why, Mrs. Goss, they do."

"Let's go over 'em, and see," said Mrs. Goss, who had a plain way of convincing people. Let's begin at the beginning. Hear me tell 'em."

She went over the past minutely. Jelly listened, growing more uncomfortable every moment. There was absolutely no one fact inconsistent with natural death. It is true the disease had been speedy, but the cause assigned for it, exhaustion, might have been the real one; and the busy in tending down of the coffin was no doubt a simple measure of precaution, taken out of regard to the welfare of the living. No; as Mrs. Goss put it in her straightforward sensible way, there was positively not a single fact that could be urged for supposing Mrs. Rane came to an untimely end. Jelly felt her gloves, and twisted her hands, and grew hot—not with the fire.

"There was what I saw—the ghost," she said.

But Mrs. Goss ridiculed the ghost—that is, to tell of it—joyed every word of it. Jelly, however, would not give way there; and they had some sparring.

"Goss, is end! And you come to this age! It was the beer, girl, the beer."

"I haven't had a drop of beer," protested Jelly, almost crying. "How was I to get beer at Kettler's? They've got none for themselves. I had nothing inside my lips but tea."

"Well; beer or no beer, ghost or no ghost, it strikes me, Jelly, that you have done a pretty thing. This bad story is as sure to get wind now, as then geraniums of mine will get air when I open the window to-morrow morning. You'll be called upon to substantiate your story; and when you can't—I'm sure you know that you can't—the law may have you up to answer for it. I once knew a man that rose a bad charge against another; he was tried for it, and got seven years transportation. You may come to the same."

A very agreeable prospect! If Jelly's honest had not been on her hair might have gone up on end with horror. There could be no doubt that it was she who had started the report; and in this moment of repentance she sat, really wishing she had said out her foolish tongue out.

"Nothing can be done now," concluded Mrs. Goss. "There's just a chance for you—start the rumor, may die away. If it will, let it; and take warning to be more cautious in future. The chances are that Mother Green and Timothy Wilks have mentioned it to others besides me and Packerton's wife; if so, nothing will keep it under. You have been a great fool, Jelly."

Jelly went away in mortal fright. Mrs. Goss had laid the matter before her in the true light. Suspect as she might she had no proof; and if questioned by authority could not have deduced one.

"Dr. Rane has been in here three times since," was young Riah's salutation, when Jelly got home.

"Dr. Rane has!"

And he said the last time, that you oughtn't to be away from the house so long, with only me in it, added the damsel, who felt aggrieved, on her own score, at being left.

"Oh, did he?" earnestly returned Jelly.

But she began considering what Dr. Rane could want. For her parting charge to Riah, that Dr. Rane was coming in, had been a slight invention of her own, meant to help keep that young person to her duty. Just as she had decided that it might have reference to this same report, which he might have heard, and Jelly was growing more and more ill at ease in consequence, he came in. She went to him in the dining room.

"Jelly," said the doctor. "I think I have let the house."

"Have you, sir," returned Jelly, blithely, in the agreeable revulsion of feeling. "I'm sure I am glad."

"But only for a short time," continued Dr. Rane. "Two ladies of Whitborough are seeking for temporary change of air, and will take it if it suits them. They are coming to-morrow to look at it."

"Very well, sir."

They will take it for a month, certain, and perhaps continue in it longer. They pay liberally, and it will give me time to let it for a permanency. If you feel inclined to take service with them, I believe there'll be room."

"Who are they?" asked Jelly.

"Mrs. and Miss Beveridge. Quakers."

She knew the name. Very respectable people; plenty of money.

"You'll show them over it to-morrow when they come; I may, or may not, be in the way at the time," concluded Dr. Rane.

Jelly attended him to the door. It was evident he had not heard the rumor that had reached Mrs. Goss; or at least, did not connect Jelly with it. But, how was he likely to hear it? The probability was, that all Dr. Rane would be making a ball of it before it got near him.

Jelly could not eat her supper. She had taken too cautious a dose of medicine at Mrs. Goss's to leave room for appetite. Neither did she get any sleep. For long and long she lay, the past doubt and the present dread troubling her brain until morning light.

But, when Jelly had thus tormented herself and regarded the matter in all its aspects, the result was, that she still believed her own version of the tale—namely, that Mrs. Rane had not come fairly by her death. True it was, that she had no proof to offer in corroboration; but she began wondering whether such proof might not be found. At any rate, she resolved to search for it. Not openly; not to make use of; but quietly and cautiously; to hold in her hand, as it were, in case of need. She could not tell how to look for this, or where to begin. No one had seen Mrs. Rane after death—except of course the undertaker. Jelly resolved to question them: perhaps something might be gleaned.

It was afternoon before the expected ladies came. Two well-looking women, dressed after the sober fashion of their sect. Mrs. Beveridge, a widow, was sixty; her daughter nearly forty. They liked the house, and said they should take it; and they liked Jelly, and engaged her to stay as supper maid, in ending to bring two servants of their own. After their departure, Jelly had to wait for Dr. Rane; it would not do for him to find only Jelly again. He came in while Jelly was at tea. She told him the ladies wished to enter as soon as convenient, and the doctor said he would at once go over and see them at Whitborough.

Fate left Jelly free. It was getting late when she set forth on her expedition, and she started at the hedge shadows as she went alone. The mind is swayed by its thoughts present; and Jelly's were of all kinds of uncertainty and nervousness. Jelly's disposition was not a servative one, rather the contrary, and she hated to have to do with what might not be discussed in the broad light of day.

The commencement of her task was at any rate not difficult: she could enter the Hepburns' house without excuse or apology, knowing them sufficiently well for it. When they were young, Thomas Hepburn, her wife, and Jelly had all gone to the same day-school, and been companions. Walking through the shop without ceremony, save a nod to young Charley, who was minding it, Jelly turned into the little parlor; a narrow room with the fire-place in the corner surrounded by an old-fashioned high wainscot of wood, painted stone color. Thomas Hepburn, who seemed to be always along with something or other, had got a patch of inflammation on his left arm, and his wife was bandaging it; his eyes were red. Jelly, drawing near to look on, at once expressed her disapprobation of the treatment, saying the leaves would only "draw."

"I can't tell how it should have come, or what it is," he observed. "I don't remember to have hurt it in any way."

Jelly took the seat on the other side the fire-place, and Mrs. Hepburn, a stout, healthy woman, sat down to the small round table

and began working by lamplight. Thomas Hepburn, nursing his arm, which pained him, led all unconsciously to the subject Jelly had come to speak upon. Saying that if his arm was not better in the morning, he should show it to Dr. Rane, he thence went on to express his sorrow that the doctor should talk of leaving Daliory, for they liked him so much both as a gentleman and a doctor.

"But after such a loss as he has experienced in his wife, poor lady, no wonder the place is distasteful to him," went on Hepburn. And Jelly felt silently obliged for the words that helped her.

"As that was a dreadful thing," she observed. "I shall never forget the morning I heard of it, and the shock it gave me."

"I'm sure I can never forget the night he came down here, and said she was dead," rejoined the undertaker. "It was like a blow. Although I was in a degree prepared for it, for the doctor had told me in the afternoon what a dangerous state she was in—and I didn't like the manner when he spoke: it seemed to say more than his words. I came home and told Martha here that I feared it was all over with Mrs. Rane. Poor Henny was lying dead at the same time."

"And the answer I made to Thomas was, that she'd got over it," said Mrs. Hepburn, looking up from her sewing at Jelly. "I thought she would. Henny North was always hearty and healthy. You might have taken a lesson of her life."

"We had shut up the shops for the night, though the men were at work still next door, when the doctor came," resumed Thomas Hepburn, as if he found some satisfaction in recalling the circumstances for Jelly's benefit. "It was past eleven o'clock; but we had to work late during that sad time; and Henny's illness and death seemed to make a difference of nearly as much as two hands to me. I was in the yard with the men when there came a knocking at the shop-door. I went to open it, and there stood the doctor. 'Hepburn,' said he, 'my poor wife is gone.' Well, I did feel it."

Jelly gave a gasp by way of expressing her sympathy. She was inwardly entreating how she could best lead on to what she wanted to ask. But she never was at fault long.

"I have heard you express dislike against some of the things that go to make up your trade, Thomas Hepburn, but at least they give you the opportunity of taking looks at people—which we don't get," began Jelly.

"I've given I don't know how much out of my pocket to have had a farewell look at Mrs. Rane."

"That don't always bring pleasure to the feelings—or to the sight of things," was the answer of the undertaker.

"Did you go to her?" asked Jelly.

"No. I sent the two men, Clark and Dobson. They took the coffin at once; the doctor had brought up the measure."

"And they carried her down at once," retorted Jelly, with more expressive quickness than she had meant to use.

"Ay, it was best. We did it in some other cases that died of the same."

"Did the men notice how she looked—whether there was much change?" resumed Jelly in a low tone. "Some faces are very sweet and placid after death; so much so that one can't help thinking they are happy. Was Mrs. Rane's?"

"The men did not see her," said Hepburn.

"Not see her?"

"No. The doctor managed that they should not. It was very kind of him. Dobson had had an awful dread all along of catching the fever; and Clark was beginning to fear it a little. Dr. Rane knew this, and said he'd not expose them to the risk more than could be helped. The men carried the coffin up to the ante-room, and he said he would manage to do all the rest."

Jelly sat with open mouth and eyes staring.

The undertaker put it down to surprise.

"Medical men are used to these things, Jelly. It comes as natural to them as to us. Dr. Rane said to Clark that he would call over to see if he found he wanted help. I don't suppose he would want it; she was small and light, poor young lady."

Jelly found her tongue. "Then they—Clark and Dobson—never saw her at all?"

"Not at all. She was in the far room. The door was close shut, and well covered beside with a sheet wet with disinfecting fluid. There was no danger. Dr. Rane assured them, so long as they did not go into the room where she lay. The men came away, wishing other people would take these precautions; but then, you see, doctors understand things. He gave them each a glass of brandy and water, too."

"And then—nobody saw her?" persisted Jelly as if she could not get over the fact.

"I dare say not," replied Thomas Hepburn.

"He must have hammered her down himself," nearly shrieked Jelly.

"He could do it as well as the men could. They left the nails and hammer."

"Well—it—it—seems dreadful work for a man to have to do for his wife," observed Jelly after a pause, staring over Mr. Hepburn's head into vacancy, as if she were mentally watching the hammering.

"He did violence to his own feelings out of consideration for the men," said the undertaker. "And I must say it was very good of him. But, as I've observed, doctors know what's what, and how necessary it is to keep away from danger in perilous times."

"Did he manage the one of lead as well as the first?" would be hardy for him, wouldn't it?" continued Jelly in a hard kind of tone, which she found it utterly impossible to suppress. "And there was the third one to come after that?"

"I went and soldered down the lead myself. The men took up the last one and made all ready."

"Yes!" thought Jelly. "As soon as her poor dear face was safely nailed in, so that it couldn't tell tales, he might let anything that would do the rest."

"Were you not afraid of the risk, Thomas Hepburn?" asked Jelly, some what tentatively, for she despised the man for being so simply unsuspecting. "Soldering takes up some time, don't it?"

"The rooms had been well disinfected then, the doctor said. We took no harm."

That Thomas Hepburn said the most perfect faith in Dr. Rane, and never had incurred cause for the slightest suspicion of unfair play, was self-evident. Jelly, in her superior knowledge, in her war's altogether, could have shaken him for it. In this place she felt mentally sure she should not have been so obtuse. Jelly forgot that it was only that knowledge of hers that enabled her to see what others did not; and that while matters looked at from Hepburn's point of view, were all right; looked at from hers, with a clue in her hand, were all wrong.

"Well, I must be wishing you good-evening, I suppose," she said. "I've only left that Riah in the house—and she's of no mortal good to anybody, except for company. Wish people dying about one like this, one gets to feel dull, all alone."

"So one does," answered the undertaker. "Don't go yet."

Jelly had not risen. She sat looking at the fire, evidently in deep thought. Presently she turned her eyes on the man.

"Thomas Hepburn, did you ever see a ghost?"

He took the question as calmly and seriously as though she had said: Did you ever see a funeral? And shook his head slightly in dissent.

"I can't say I ever saw one myself. I've known those that have. That is they say and believe they have. And I'm sure I've no reason to say they're not. One hears curious tales now and then."

"They are not pleasant things to see," remarked Jelly a little dreamily.

"Well no, I dare say not."

"For my part I don't put faith in ghosts," said hoarse Mrs. Hepburn, looking up with a laugh. "None will ever come near me. I'll answer for it. I've too many children about me and too much work to do for pastime of that sort. Ghosts come from nothing but nervous fancies."

Jelly could not contradict this in the positive manner she would have liked, so it was best to say nothing. She finally got up to go, saying that Riah would be falling asleep with her hair in the canal.

And in spite of the prospective attractions of a supper of toasted-cheese and ale, which she was pressed to stay and partake of, Jelly departed. Things had become as sure and clear to her as daylight.

"I don't so much care now if it does come out," she said to herself as she hastened along. "What Thomas Hepburn can tell us as good as proves the doctor's guilt. I knew it was so. And I wish old Dame Goss had been smothered before she sent me into that count and fright last night!"

But the road seemed frightfully lonely now; and Jelly literally sprang aside from every shadow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A New York woman considerably too languid. She said she wanted to die so as to make her husband happy.

It can't be said there is a lack of religion among the Chinese, for they have fully thirty thousand gods.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to the doctors of Berkshire, that, "if the pendulum of belief does not swing through a pretty wide arc, the hands of progress will hardly be kept going."

Montenaples wrote to his friend, the Abbe de Guasco:—"For three months I have thought I should kill myself in my endeavor to reach a little piece to add to the work. It will occupy three hours in reading; but I assure you it has cost me so much labor that my hair has turned white."

Mr. Pansh, an English newspaper man, making some pretensions to jocularity, expresses the opinion that a silk dress should never be eaten. How is that?

REASON FOR GLOOM.—A school-girl, in writing to her mother, says:—"I get along nicely with all my teachers except Miss—; but I don't blame her, because she accidentally shot the young man she was engaged to, and it naturally makes her feel kind of cross, especially on cloudy days."

One of the largest varicels ever recovered against a railway company has just been obtained by Mrs. Morton, an English vocalist. Thirty thousand dollars is the sum she has recovered for damage done to her voice by collision.

A young man charged with being lazy, was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply; "father's got all the laziness he ever had."

As regards expression, the three prominent men of Germany may be thus distinguished:—King William says what he thinks; Bismarck says what it is politic to say; Moltke says nothing.

De Tocqueville once said this clever thing:—"If I were asked to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply, to the superiority of their women." This was before the woman's rights era however.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A sure cure for rheumatism is said to be the berry of the common rock-wood, or soke-root—often called poke-root. These berries, which are now ripe, are put into spirits—gin is the best—at the rate of two ounces to the pint. Of the tincture thus made, a tablespoonful is given three times a day. This simple remedy, persisted in for a week or more, has effected some remarkable cures of this common and distressing complaint.—*Exchange Paper.*

The phrase "I and Bismarck" is likely to become as famous as the "Louis and I" of the earlier part of the war. The familiarity of American newspaper correspondents with King William and the Crown Prince is really very touching.

In ancient B acts, brides were carried home in vehicles whose wheels were burned at the door in token that they would never again be needed to take them back.

Twelve bridesmaids, twelve groomsmen and twelve ushers are to help to marry a couple in New York next month, in a church where the decorations are to cost over \$5,000.

Prof. Agassiz recently prophesied that within forty-eight hours the ocean in a storm would cover that has been known for many years—but it didn't come.

A man who follows another man's advice never outdoes him with it.

A New York editor says that he shall defer his verdict on Milla Nilsson's singing until he has heard her. That is a sensible man and tells credit on his powers of self-denial.

Somebody has sent U. S. Treasurer Spinner ten cents, to be placed at interest until it shall accumulate enough to pay the national debt. Will some of our arithmeticians figure out when that will be?

Utahs, an Indian orator, is on the point of starting on a lecturing tour through the United States. He has for his subject, "The Beneficial Results on the Human Understanding of scalping, in connection with a liberal Provision of Blankets for the Red man."

The California News Letter says that during the month of August the national debt was reduced ten millions of dollars, and was wittily said, "it cost eleven millions of dollars to reduce it."

The Boston Transcript thus sums up the season at Mr. Dowse:—"Water poor, air delicious, meat vile, climate bracing and delightful all summer, bread horrid, bathing cool, stable fine."

#### WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

How wretched is the being, matrimonially inclined, Whose charmer wastes a year or so in making up her mind. Of all our mortal miseries, no doubt the most intense

Is passing one's existence, like a spider, in suspense. I've suffered half the agonies to which our flesh is heir, And tooth-ache and neuralgia seem ghastly things to bear; But first among the tortures that a man can undergo

Is when a lady hesitates to answer Yes or No. At least a dozen months ago my martyrdom began, And yet—I blush to own it—I am still a single man.

The fault at first was all my own, for weak had followed weak Before I picked my courage up sufficiently to speak.

But when I breathed my sentiments I breathed them in a tone To pierce a heart of granite or of any other stone.

Though all the consolation that the lady could bestow, Was just the sort of answer that you can't call Yes or No.

A month I waited anxiously a plain reply to get; But no—she'd had so little time for thinking of it yet.

Another month was over, and a third had flown away, And still she'd not rejected me nor named the happy day.

In feverish perplexity I've passed a precious year, And quite as far as ever from my object I appear.

My days are each a century, they creep so very slow; While waiting in a frenzy for a simple Yes or No.

There's not a man in twenty, I am positively sure, Could bear with equanimity the quizzing I endure.

I'm called a lucky fellow, too, by every one I meet, And receive congratulations at the club or in the street.

To-morrow, I'm determined, be the weather wet or dry, I'll seek my charmer's residence a last appeal to try.

I'll breathe her all my wretchedness, I'll paint her all my woe; And finish by insisting on a final Yes or No.

HAIR-DYE.—It is asserted that eight per cent. of the lunatics in Charenton Asylum, France, are victims to the use of hair-dye.

Speaking of Tupper's last volume of "poems" ("A Creed, Etcetera," by Martin F. Tupper), the Athenaeum says that the strangest literary phenomenon of our times is the fact that this dull and feeble writer should have a large circle of readers who fall to see his feebleness and his dullness. It is not at all wonderful however, Tupper is a representative man, with an immense constituency.

Each war of modern years has brought into prominence one particular mode of attack or defence. The Chinese war (1854-5) demonstrated the utility of ironclad ships. The Italian war (1859) brought rifled cannon into prominence. The American war (1861-5) established the use of torpedoes. The Austro-Prussian war (1866) showed the potency of the new gun, and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 has established the use of the mitrailleuse.

John B. Gough, one morning after an exhausting effort the evening before, seeming as good as new, being asked by a clergyman how he managed to work so hard and live, replied, "Oh, I eat and sleep."

Brigham Young regrets the million and a half of women that are "wasted," as he terms it, in this country, by being unmarried. It is said.

There is every reason why a good-natured person should make up good-natured, but none whatever why an ill-natured person should make up ill-natured; neither of them ought to make up unjolly," says Lander.

The First National Bank of Denver, Colorado, has on exhibition what is said to be "the largest bar of gold ever seen at one time in the world." It is 12 1/2 inches long, 6 1/2 wide, and 4 1/2 thick, weighs 2,348 ounces, 798 parts of gold to 190 of silver and 93 of alloy, and is valued at \$50,000.

Forty thousand women are employed as out-door laborers in England. A large proportion of them, however, would be willing to abandon this "right," and go back to "woman's sphere," if they could.

It turns out that, at the battle of Sedan, thirty per cent. of the French officers were killed, and only seven per cent. of the men they commanded.

When we know how to appreciate a merit we have the germ of it within ourselves.—Goethe.

I do not hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. The history of Heroes is the history of Youth. Nurture your mind with great thoughts.—Disraeli's Coningsby.

WOMAN.—There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor more than in any which is her own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness and devotion to another; that one is woman.—Washington Irving.

A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quantity proportioned to her own circumstances, and not to those of her neighbor.

THE AUTHOR OF BURNING QUESTION.—Of Deane's novels, on which his fame principally rests, none were written till long after he had passed his fifty-fifth year.

The whole of his early life was occupied by political contests of a violent and occasionally dangerous kind. He was twice imprisoned and once pilloried; and an entirely new and startling light is thrown upon the whole meaning and plot of "Robinson Crusoe," by the singular suggestion that it was a sort of allegory taken from the various perils and conflicts which his author had to undergo in the course of his political career.



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### Eugenie's Romance—What She Missed and Won.

A correspondent of the Lynchburg Virginian closes a recent letter in reference to the Imperial family of France with the following very romantic story of the Empress, hitherto unpublished, but for the exact truth of which he can vouch, and the curiosity of which is such that he relates it even at the risk of some imputation of egotism:—

"In 1861 the uncle of the writer resided as American Minister at Paris, with a large family around him. At this time appeared in society there Eugenie Marie de Guzman, Countess of Montijo; a lovely person and an aristocratic name securing her brilliant conquest in that society, and constituting her one of the most famous ladies in Paris. It was thought, and, indeed, freely remarked, that her mother was more ambitious than herself; that the former designed for her some great alliance, while Eugenie herself appeared a model of simple sincerity—a girl who would choose to consult her heart in any matrimonial affair. Her sister had just married the Duke of Albano and Berwick, a descendant of James II. of England; and the worthy mother, Donna Maria, no doubt delighted at her daughter's matrimonial destiny for the more beautiful of her daughters. But the heart is not always to be controlled, even in the most aristocratic life, or to yield to its exactions of convenience. Eugenie lost heart to a fine-looking blood Virginian, young William O. Rivers, son of the American Minister. They were engaged to be married. But Aunt Judy Rivers, a Virginian matron, very decided and angular in her scruples, interposed and broke off the match; the Countess was too 'fast' for her old Virginian view of social sobriety. The woman for whom the future had reserved so much to cap the comparatively humiliated match that her heart had decided upon—the destiny of a quiet Virginia housewife—to ascend the throne of France. Alas, what other contrasts may yet remain for her! If the event had been ordered differently; if a prospective mother-in-law had proved complaisant, the Empress, the woman who has adorned the throne of France, and displayed to the world the charms of another Cleopatra, might at this moment be a quiet country maiden living in a farm-house near Coburn Depot, county of Albemarle and state of Virginia."

### Prussian Spies.

We ought not to be too hard upon the French for the panic about Prussian spies. Charles Harb, who was shot the other day, in the court-yard of the Military School, confessed himself a spy when taken, and never really denied it afterward; and there are facts enough to prove that King William has studied well in old Frederick's book, who said that the French had one spy and twenty cooks, while he had one cook and twenty spies. For it is plain that the Prussian system of espionage has been long reduced to great perfection. For several years Prussians have been residing, under one pretext or another, in all the border towns and villages, making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the topography, studying military positions, fitting their maps and memorias with the roads, lanes, and foot-paths, and also making themselves familiar with the means and resources of the inhabitants. Clerks in counting-houses, servants in houses, men in law-offices, students who passed the summer in wandering over the hills sketching the country, companies of scientific men with hammers and barometers, bent on geological pic-nics, all these are recognized to-day in the persons of Prussian officers entering the French border towns and villages at the head of scouting parties or with victorious troops. It is said, and I see no reason to doubt it, that one Prussian General has visited, during the last year, all the towns and villages likely to be attacked in case of war, in the disguise of an old beggar match-seller.—N. Y. Tribune.

It is a-said that the bite of the cobra, or any other poisonous snake or reptile, can be cured by administering a preparation of the gall of the venomous creature.

God be praised! the meanness of His creatures. How the soul sides; one to face the world with, O to show a woman when he loves her.

—Browning.

Because a lady looks waspish it does not follow that she will sting.  
CALIFORNIA ORCHARDS.—California is largely cultivating, besides the grape, oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, and walnuts. In Lower California there are now 7,000 orange trees in bearing. They yield from 600 to 1,500 oranges to the tree, depending on the soil. About 70 trees stand on an acre, which commences producing in eight years from the seed.

THE NUCLEUS OF METHODISM.—It was in 1789, that some ten persons came to John Wesley, in London, to consult him concerning their spiritual state; they formed the nucleus of the society which at this hour numbers more than 60,000 members, 8,000,000 communicants, and 12,000,000 hearers.

Nearly one-half the type-setting on the Paris literary papers is done by women.  
A general inspecting his battalion asked a young Mulla whether he had any complaint to make. "Yes, General!" "What is it?" "I am suffering from palpitation of the heart." "Good," was the reply, "it beats for the country."

During a recent thunder storm in Missouri, the lightning struck the ground, boring a hole about eight inches in diameter, and so deep that a twenty-foot pole failed to reach the bottom. Such storms would be invincible in the oil regions.

A Parisian correspondent writes that a fashionable young lady, of rather attenuated figure, while in the hands of her dress-maker, became alarmed at the superfluities appurtenant to her bed, and declared that she could never wear it, and the silk had been wrongly cut. "Pardon me, Mademoiselle," replied the modiste, "the design is quite correct; the fitting is exactly as it should be. I have made your dress; now I must bring you up to it!"

What is the use of us to suppose that the war was made in the ark? The kangaroo was seen to go in with hops, and the bear was always brum.

The announcement is made that at the recent book trade sale in New York city, the books brought on an average 15 per cent. more than last year.

A Boston lawyer had a horse that always stopped, and refused to cross a certain bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross. So he advertised him: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

Lady.—"Before I engage you I should like to know what your religion is." Cook.—"Oh, ma'am, I always feel it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

SOMETHING TO THINK OF.—Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke says in his "Steps of Belief" that those who look for faults, find faults, and become fault-finders by profession; but those who look for truth and good find that. A little meditation on this sentence would be profitable to all.

If the Prussian is the "coming man," he drinks wine and smokes.

The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge, knowing this, tossed him from below in the middle of a dark night with the cry of fire! The staircase they said was in flames. Up went the window and down he came on his rope ladder as fast as he could into a tub of water, which they had placed there to receive him. He was put out!

A young lady up town says that if a cart wheel has nine fellows attached to it, it's a pity that a woman like her can't have one.

An off-handed fellow—one who has lost both of his arms.  
Mr. David Hoar, in his new work, "The Americans at Rome," recently published in Edinburgh, mentions it as a "most extraordinary thing, yet true," that every state and every city has something particularly to brag of; as, for example: Philadelphia has the longest and straightest streets, and the largest orphanage in the country; New Orleans has the smoothest drive and the biggest river trade; Milwaukee, the best bricks; New York, the best parks and the largest population; Boston, the best schools and the biggest organ; Chicago, the biggest saloons, biggest slone, and the biggest pig-killing establishments in America. "Yes, sir," as one enthusiastic Chicago gentleman declared, "the biggest pig-killing concern is God's creation!" Such is Mr. Hoar's estimate of the greatness of this particularly great country!

An English savan makes some interesting observations on the purity of water. He thinks that from affords the best material for distilling stale water, or for keeping it fresh. He cites the fact that Thames water, put into iron tanks, becomes sweet, and continues so during a sea voyage. He mentions a fact of some interest to our lady subscribers, namely—that a few balls placed in the vase with flowers will keep the water sweet, and the flowers fresh. He placed some iron filings in a small vessel of water, and placed a leech there. The reptile, after six months, was found healthy.

Two is deeper than all speech, Feeling deeper than all thought: Souls to souls can never teach What unto themselves was taught.

—Dial.

The announcement is made from Washington that the Commissioner of Agriculture has gone into the country to see how it looks.

The back-drivers of Kansas City have formed a Trade Union to oppose a street railway that will soon be completed.

While some boys at Chicago were playing base ball, a lad, named O'Gary, aged 15 years, was struck in the pit of the stomach and almost instantly killed.

The latest internal revenue decision is to the effect that the bung of a cask is not the spigot.

An exchange says:—"We are glad to see the people of Boston taking kindly to lager. It will do the thing, thinking, over-worked designs of that city good, making them more philosophical, more at ease with themselves and the rest of mankind, less dyspeptic and inclined to stir up people thousands miles away."

Full returns from Wyoming Territory, received at the Census Bureau, give the total population at 9,115 persons, a number considerably less than was expected; by many sanguine friends of the new Territory.

King William, of Prussia, gets a yearly salary of \$1,000,000.

Eight cents is all the doctor's fee the law allows in China.

Men born blind can't be carpenters, because they never saw.

A recent case of cannibalism in given in the case of a Kansas farmer who ploughed two acres of ground before awaking.

The number of Jews serving in the German army is 30,000.

Some ogle of an editor tries to frighten tender consciences by telling young ladies "that when they exclaim, 'dear me!' they are swearing like troops. Yet such is the fact; for the phrase, as we have it, is but the corruption of the Italian words, 'Dio mio!'—My God!"

A woman taking her child, almost dying, to a hospital, acknowledged that she had been giving it spiders for the cure of whooping cough.

An American tourist in Europe states that Sweden is the only country in which he has found the sleeping apartments lighted with gas.

It is estimated that the total number of French taken prisoner since the beginning of the war, is 140,000. The prisoners are subjected to the severe Prussian rules of discipline. One French officer attempted to escape, and was tried by a court-martial and shot.

For the first time in the history of the nation one of the states of the Union, New Hampshire, will show a falling off in population by the census returns.

The Kansas Pacific Railway has a project of irrigating three million acres of the great country through which its road runs, by means of a canal from Platte Canon across the plains.

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### PROSPECTUS FOR 1871.

### THE LADY'S FRIEND.

### SPLENDID ARRAY OF TALENT.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will continue to be devoted to the interests of the female sex, and the instruction of the young. It will contain the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head Bands, Shawls, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Hints, and other matters interesting to ladies. The Magazine is worth the cost of the whole mail.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY F. PRESCOTT, assisted by the following:

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Our terms are the same as those of this paper, The Saturday Evening Post—in order that the clubs may be kept up the paper and more convenient when so desired. The Prussian engraving is also the same.—The Editors.

Address: DEACON & PETERSON, No. 219 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

**"Who Did That?"**

The Pittsburgh Mail tells this butter story: "In this city there is a private boarding-house which is a kind of rendezvous for young men. Some time ago the landlady made a purchase of some butter. Among the lot was a lump rather aged. It was put on the table, but no one there took butter. The next day it was put on another table. So it passed around unclaimed, and at the end of the week the landlady was puzzled to know what to do with it. It cost too much to be thrown away, so she took it and padded it over into another shape, making it more round, and in no respect similar to its former appearance. It appeared in its new dress at dinner that day, but met with the same cold reception. Around it went again day by day, from one table to another.

"One day, a don't-care, jolly fellow, always ready and eager for some mischief, watched his opportunity, and when the landlady happened to step out of the dining-room for a moment, he took the big ball of butter, which was then soft enough to hold itself together, and threw it against the ceiling, where it stuck in a kind of hemisphere. The landlady entered just a moment later, and her attention was immediately attracted to the unusual situation of the butter, by the giggling and tittering of the boarders. 'Who did that?' she screamed, in a terrible rage. She repeated her wrathful question several times without an answer, when the fellow who had done the mischief looked slyly up at the greasy substance, and said, 'Speak, butter, you're old enough to talk for yourself!'

## A Good Recommendation.

A patent medicine vender in one of our principal cities was offering to a large crowd upon the wonderful efficacy of his iron bitters, pronouncing them the great panacea, and all potent in building up an "iron constitution."

"That is so—that is so," said a bystander. "What he tells you is a fact, gentlemen, every word of it."

"Hear that, will you?" cried the delighted quack; "here is living testimony right before your own eyes—a man who has used the bitters, and can recommend them."

"No, not exactly that," replied the old fellow; "I have never used the stuff myself; but you see, Steve Jenkins did, and they just saved his life."

"How's that?" questioned some one.

"Well, you see, Steve had taken the bitters just one week before he was shoved in prison for murder. He was stripped of everything in the shape of iron about him, and yet he made a bar and worked his way out."

"Probably he had whiskey enough in him to furnish a bar," suggested a wag.

"No, but he didn't," returned the quack. "He had been taking this man's iron bitters, d'ya mind? and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm, and take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, and pried the gates open with it, and let himself out. Fact."

The "medicine man" subsided.

## An Unfortunate Illustration.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set of illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion when lecturing his class he said:

"Mr. Smith," addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful or otherwise?"

"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.

"Rather powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue, and it will kill a dog!"

The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

## Had Forgotten Something.

"I say, cap'n," said a little-eyed man as he landed from the steamboat Petos, at Natchez—"I say, cap'n, this 'ere ain't all."

"That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain. "Well, see, now, it's accordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, two bar' boxes, a portmanteau, and a tea-caddy; but I'm dumber. I feel there's something short, though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes or 'em while on board; there's something not right, somehow."

"Well, stranger, the time's up; there's all I know of; so bring up your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we're off."

"Them's um, darn it, them's um! I knowed I'd forgot something."

**STILL ALIVE.**—Dr. L., of St. Louis, Missouri, who is something of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister and propounded a few puzzling questions. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the Apostles did. They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of poisons. How is it that you are not protected in the same way?" The colored brother responded promptly:—"Don't know about that, doctor. I expect I is. I have taken a mitty sight of strong medicine from you doctors, and I is a-blee yet."

## Knowledge of One's Self.

It is perfectly outrageous that men and women should be so profoundly ignorant, as they are, of the nature of that prison-house from which they can never escape so long as life lasts, that our youth should, under pretence of training, be taught things which they can never see or touch in after life, and encouraged to put aside all curiosity about the things which they carry about with them always everywhere. Is it not monstrous that many a lad of eighteen should have no vivid picture in his mind's eye, of, say, Syracuse during the Peloponnesian war, so to make people think he must have lived long years in Sicily, while the friends of his long body is to him a clear mystery, of which he can call up no clear image, but fancies is somehow or other more or less like a pig's?

The census-takers in some portions of the West have as funny experiences as those in the large cities in this section. One has discovered a lady in Indiana who is happy and contented in the name of Jane Juliette Isabella Araminta Mandora Peck; and in Ohio a family has been found where the first son is named Imprimis, the second Appenix, and the three others, Addendum, Fidis and Kristina!



FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

Our artist friend, Jacobs, is taking sketches in France, and complains that he can't "Go to Nature" without being closely watched by those confounded Gendarmes. He asks, does he look like a Prussian spy?

## A SEPTEMBER SONG.

Florence, my darling, my sweet, fair Florence,  
Shall we ever again by the side of the sea  
Wander together and whisper together,  
As the white waves froth up and flicker-  
ing flee?

With most sweet voice and most song-like  
laughter,  
With gleam of eyes that like violets  
seemed,  
You came, your gold hair wind-wafted after,  
You came and I followed as one who  
dreamed.

The memory, my child, still lives and lingers  
Of the happy time and the careless hours;  
There is still on my hand a faint touch of  
fingers;  
There still stands before me my Queen of  
Flowers!

And the violet eyes, and the gorse-gold  
tresses,  
The beauty and freshness, the fragrance  
and flame  
Of the flower-like face, flushed with car-  
mine,  
Return at the thought of the flower-like  
name.

And now that with autumn all sweet things  
die,  
And the season of sun and of summer is  
fled,  
My sweet one love, confess or deny—  
The brief love-dream, is that, too, dead?

## The Tolling Bell.

It is a custom kept up in many villages of New England to toll the bell at the death of any person in the village, and to indicate the age and sex by the number of strokes. We have rarely seen so dramatic a description of this custom as in the following extract from "Shining Hours":

An hour later, the bell tolled—slow, deep strokes at first, dying out in throbbing waves of sound; then quicker strokes, with pauses after each ten—eight pauses; then four strokes more—another pause—a single stroke—also.

"Eighty-four, and a male," said Farmer Brown, as he finished counting the strokes of the bell, and slowly let down the pasture-bell—"eighty four, and a male. Old Dr. Morse, no doubt about that—how, boss, boss, boss, co, boss—! Didn't think he was quite so far along in years. Co, boss, co, boss—! Good old man he was, 'a Christian, too. So that are hiser's leg, 'a took jes' as good care on her as of any'd been 'a woman. I tell you," continued the farmer, looking the brindle cow square in the face, as she stepped over the bar, "them 't's good to critters has got religion, 'n my 'pinion."

"Eighty-four, and a male," said old Widow Bailey, as she stood listening in her cottage door. "He's gone, then, dear old saint! Who'll look after poor folks now when they're sick, and 'tend to 'em night and day for nothin', and talk to 'em so comfortin', too, and pray as beautiful as a minister? We never shall see no rich doctor round here no more. But the Lord's will be done! He'll find widder and orphan enough in heaven that'll be glad to see him. Dr. Morse will, that's clear; and I kind o' guess the Lord'll pay the bill, accordin' to what I read in the Scripture."

"Eighty-four, and a male. It is he, then!" sighed Mrs. Dacon Wells, wiping her eyes. "He is none, at last, and at rest—a blessed change to him, and one long prayed for. But to Edith—this second orphanage will be worse than the first. What will she do? I must go over and try to comfort the poor little heart."

"Eighty-four, and a male," said Mr. Alden, the schoolmaster. "That must be Willie's grandfather. A sad loss to such a boy, breaking up his home when he needs it most, and destroying the last tie which represented the parental relation. It has been stuck to me that such an event would change the prospects of my pupil. I hope it may turn his thoughts to his prospect for a better life. He seems to possess every good gift but that of which his grandfather had such an abundant measure—true godliness."

"Eighty-four, and a male, it is," said Biddy O'Flinn. "God rest his soul, an' forgive me for prayin' for a breath. But sure an' the's not a saint in Heaven could ever tell the likes o' him from a Catholic!"

"Eighty-four, and a male," said Lawyer Webb to his partner, as he drew in his head from his office window, where he had been leaning, with his pen in his mouth. "That will was not made an hour too soon. I told him so. 'We must attend to these things at the proper time,' said I, 'and in the eyes of the law that time is an early one. The

law regards eighty as a very uncertain figure, sir—a very uncertain figure!" "You will see that I have dealt largely in uncertain figures," he replied, tumbling out his books of account. And so I found. Such a set of books! Thousands of dollars he might have collected as well as not, but had just let go out of good nature. But he would not hear a word about my trying to get it. "Poor souls," said he, "I won't physio them and one them, too!"

"Eighty-four, and a male," said young Dr. Wylie, reining in his horse at the foot of Avenue Hill. "I knew he was most gone the last time I saw him. Too bad. Great loss to the profession. Fine judgment. Well read. Immense experience. Such character, too—such character. Makes me feel like a heathen, the way these people talk about his goodness. I must think of that, no mistake. What if the old man's mantle should fall on my wicked young shoulders. Come, Kate, that bell tells us we have a holy work to do!"

The life and death of the good man formed the subject of conversation in scores of homes that evening.

## The Wrong Business.

Many a man is on the wrong road altogether with respect to his profession. We have known an artist whose true vocation was a hunchdraper, and more than one tradesman, with all his head and heart in art, a very bad bargainer, but a good judge of colors, and a capital hand at dressing out a window; a solicitor ground down to a desk, whose native road lay along the sea beach, and between the storm and the flood; a clergyman, who would have been more at home in a carpenter's shop than in the pulpit; and an actress, whose *beau ideal* of human life was a farm-house down in the remote country, where she might feed her ducks and chickens herself, and superintend the dairy and the baking. Now all these people were on wrong roads of life; consequently, could never cultivate the hedge-side properly, but were forced to be content with sloes and hips, and blackberries, and anything else that came handy and by the grace of nature; never able to raise a bushel of grain for harvest time, or to gather their own apples for winter storage. If they had been on the right track for each, they might have cultivated every square foot of their portions, and then the world would have had so much added harmony between character and circumstance, and so much more faithful work heartily performed, which is always a gain to the world, never too rich in pilgrims going the right road to Mecca.

## What Music Does to Wood.

Some authorities contend that the wood of the violin becomes changed in structure after being played upon, and is reconstructed on a finer principle, and for this reason a very old violin that has been well treated by refined playing can hardly be bought, because it has yielded up its original coarseness and obeys a divine law. When Old Bull wished to repair his violin, he waited till one day some accident in the orchestra "killed" the double bass, when he secured a portion of the wood to incorporate in his instrument. Military music converts men from a mob into a machine, and subjects their wills to the purposes of one enthusiastic moment.

What is a house without a baby? Well, comparatively quiet.

Professor Lowell does not think much of "a system which gives Teague, because he can dig, as much influence as Ralph, because he can think."

The Missouri census-takers only report 21,000 "Colonels." There were more, but most of them have been raised to "Generals."

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Grooming Trotting Horses.

There are but few who know how to properly take care of the trotting horse. It is a great art. It requires long practice, close observation, and the best judgment. In this article we shall have nothing to say about giving him feed, exercise, training, &c., but speak of grooming as generally understood—that is, carrying, brushing, rubbing, and keeping his coat and skin in order. Not only his looks, but his health, strength, and speed depend in a great measure upon the grooming he receives.

The object of the groom should be to remove all dirt, sand, and other impurities from the hair and skin; also, to open the pores of the skin, and remove all obstructions. This should be done on every part of the body and limbs. No part should be neglected.

Now, as to how this should be done. A good stiff brush is the best thing to use for the purpose. The currycomb should only be

used to remove mud, and particularly upon a nervous horse with a thin skin. Some groomers like to apply the currycomb on the tender skin of the horse, to put him in all the agony possible. They like to see him kick and bite. They will rub him in the flank and under the belly with additional strength, to see what capers he will cut up. We have sometimes thought we would like to give these fellows a rubbing down or two, to teach them how good it feels. It spoils the temper of the horse; makes him a biter or kicker; it does him no good, but great injury. The groom will yell, at kick, or b at the poor horse after putting him in such agony. The tone of the voice in the stable should always be soft and kind. The horse should learn that man is his friend—not a tyrant and enemy.

The grooming should be done in the gentlest possible manner, particularly on nervous horses. With the brush in one hand, and the currycomb in the other, to remove the dirt from the brush, go over gently but thoroughly, every part of the horse. Get the dirt all out of the hair, and off the skin. After the brushing is done, take cloths and rub the horse thoroughly, getting up a friction which will set the pores to work. It will make the hair glossy. Old salt sacks are the best rubbers that can be used. A supply of these should always be kept on hand, clean and dry. The feet should then be washed out and dried.

Once thorough cleaning a day is enough. If done after exercise. But it is usual to give him a partial cleaning in the morning before work, and then a thorough one after his exercise, and again a rubbing after the evening walk. This is all well enough; but some groomers keep at work all the time at their horses, allowing them no time to rest. This is wrong. The horse should not be interfered with after the rubbing he receives after his exercise in the morning, till he gets nine o'clock in the morning and rest till noon, when he will again take his feed, and rest till three or four o'clock, when it will do him good to have a walk of half an hour or so, and then a careful rubbing will be beneficial.

When a horse comes in from his exercise sweating, a blanket should be thrown over him to keep the sweat from cooling off, and a couple of good men should rub him dry as soon as possible. The hood and blanket can be applied once or twice a week on most horses beneficially to draw out a greater amount of perspiration, opening the pores of the skin, reducing the surplus matter and cleansing the pores. But this should not be carried too far, or it will weaken and injure him.

No horse can be put in proper condition for trotting without the most careful attention to grooming. It is just as important as it is to give him the proper amount of feed and work. A great interest is now awakened in the trotting horse. There are strains of trotting blood just as reliable as in racing blood. Trotting horses can be bred as successfully, and far more profitably, than race horses. Every one wants a fine-moving horse, be he merchant, farmer, or divine. It is no stigma to a man, in any profession, that he loves a good horse—a horse that can carry him along rapidly, when he wants to go rapidly. And if farmers would pay more attention to breeding good trotters, they would find their profits much increased.—*Rural World.*

## Now's Milk.

Once a Week discourses as follows:—"Everybody knows the value of milk as liquid food for the young and weak; but everybody does not know that of all milk, that from the cow is the richest and most nutritious. It contains fifty per cent. more of solid constituents, such as butter, cheesy matter, and sugar, than does the lactical produce of the cow. This is shown in a recent analysis by Professor Cameron, of Dublin. He appears to be only the second chemist who has examined the secretion. Curiously, the cow's is generally absent from lists of milk analysis; the reason doubtless being the difficulty of securing specimens. Your porcine mother strenuously resists the appeals of the fairest of milkmaids—beauty cannot induce or dexterity compel her to yield a drop of her offspring's legitimate food, even for the benefit of science. So, unless these scruples can be overcome, there is little chance of the rich diet coming to market."

So much for richness, which any person given to thinking will have no reason to question. As to quantity: in our possession is a Chester County sow which has frequently raised ten pigs. She is an exceedingly large animal. Up to five weeks old, her pigs rarely if ever eat from the trough; and having our calculation on the amount which those eat that some of our neighbors have brought up by hand, we believe that she gives (with a litter of fifteen) between ten and twelve quarts of milk a day.

## Feed Hay Carefully.

There are hundreds of tons of hay lost every winter among farmers by careless feeding. We have been astonished sometimes when witnessing the amount wasted around barnyards and stacks. This waste is entirely unnecessary, and if it was made the rule of every farmer never to feed any kind of stock upon the ground, thousands of dollars might be saved annually. There are times, to be sure, when the earth is frozen dry and clean, but if racks are not provided, full one-half of the time the hay will be soaked out either in wet snow or mud, and a good portion lost.

Portable racks should be used around stacks, and their location changed every few days; the racks should be so constructed that the stock can get at their feed readily, and at the same time made so that the hay cannot be pulled out and trampled under foot.

## Catching Hens.

In order to trap rats successfully, they must not have their suspicions aroused. If unanticipated for a while, they become very much at home, and may be caught with ease. Mr. Willis P. Stone, of Falmouth, O., catches rats as follows: He uses a barrel on which are two boards large enough to cover it. One board is nailed fast, and the other hinged to it so as to form a movable half-cover. A string is attached to the movable part of the cover, and reaches to the adjoining apartment or piece of concealment. The barrel is heavily filled with wheat screenings and oat straw; the rats will readily run in to feed; the half of the cover being open, and all other food kept out of their reach. The rats will soon become unsuspicious, and when a goodly number has gathered within the barrel the cover is closed upon them by pulling the string.

## THE RIDDLER.

## Enigmas.

I am composed of 58 letters.  
My 15, 21, 9, 36, 34, 41, 48, 32, is a precious stone.  
My 6, 34, 37, 46, 4, 17, 32, is part of a ship.  
My 3, 31, 33, 18, 50, is a kind of rope.  
My 11, 25, 16, 55, 53, 10, 46, is an instrument of music.  
My 30, 48, 28, 19, 36, 5, is an ornamental cave.  
My 23, 44, 29, is a Spanish title.  
My 55, 31, 2, 52, 45, 51, 32, 21, 7, is a species of quarz.  
My 13, 30, 39, 40, 13, are consonants.  
My 43, 14, 36, 11, 35, 53, is a relative.  
My 55, 17, 1, 56, is a vessel.  
My 53, 45, 47, 54, 58, is a boy's name.  
My 35, 8, 36, 49, 27, is a place of deposit.  
My whole is a verse from Proverbs.  
DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

## Middle.

My first is in bee, but not in honey.  
My second is in change, but not in money.  
My third is in court, but not in law.  
My fourth is in tooth, but not in saw.  
My fifth is in color, but not in paint.  
My sixth is in angel, but not in saint.  
My whole can destruction and sorrow bring,  
And where ever 'tis seen is a fearful thing.  
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

## Mathematical Problem.

Inside a cylindrical bucket, partly filled with water, floats another 10 inches in diameter. Enough water is poured into the outer one to fill it. Had the same quantity been poured into the inner one, the outer one would still have been filled. The descent of the inner bucket in the second case would be equal to its rise in the first. Required—the diameter of the outer bucket.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

## Problem.

A name consists of 5 letters. Taking the letters composing the name as counted by their respective number in the alphabet. (That is counting a as 1, b as 2, c as 3, &c., through the alphabet, and h as 11.) Then the product of the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th number is 37; the product of the 1st, 3d, 5d and 5th is 28; the product of the 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th is 53; the product of the 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th is 41; and the product of the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th is 29. What is the name?

ERNEST KUEHL.

Valley Forge, St. Francis Co., Mo.

An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Ans.—Because they are always breaking their word.

Why does walking on the cliffs make you feel sleepy? Ans.—Because you see so many yawning chasms.

What plague of Egypt resembles a hat? Ans.—Darkness which might be felt.

Why are types like criminals? Ans.—Because it isn't proper to lock them up without proof.

THE POWER OF FAITH.—How can you make O the second letter of the alphabet? Ans.—By leaving it.

How is it that the summer always goes so quickly? Ans.—Because there is so often an evening mist.

## Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes." RIDDLE.—Osarm, Harim, Mar, Ram, Car, Ham.

## RECIPTS.

**COLD PARTRIDGE PIE.**—This is a favorite dish at the breakfast table. Make a forcemeat with lean veal and fat bacon, both free from skin and gristle; these should be seasoned and pounded together in a mortar, equal parts of each. For a large pie, take four partridges, spread them open, season them, lie a pie mould with paste, place a layer of forcemeat on the bottom, then the partridges; cover them with forcemeat, and finish with a few slices of bacon; put in the paste, cover, and bake; when cool some meat gravy should be poured in; this may be made with old birra, but the pie itself should be only made with young ones.

**TOMATO PIE.**—Take two large ripe Fjerjes or other tomatoes of the same size, drop them into boiling water to remove the skin, then, with a sharp knife, cut them into thin slices, put the crust in an ordinary pie-pan, as for berry pie; cover the bottom with a layer of the tomatoes, then a layer of sugar and butter, then of tomatoes, then of sugar and butter as before; flavor with either lemon, orange peel, or nutmeg, to the taste. Cover with the hot crust, bake, and bring to the table hot.—(cold tomato pie is not good). Two very large tomatoes, two tablespoonful of sugar, and one of butter, are enough for one pie, baked in a pan ten inches across. If there are too much tomato, sugar, and butter put into one pie, there will be too much juice; a little practice in making will make all right.

**PEPPERS.**—To 100 peppers put 34 pints of salt and as much scalding water as will cover them. Put a weight over them. Let them remain two days; then take them out and let them drain. Make a small opening in the side to let out the water. Wipe them, put them in a stone jar with 4 oz. cloves, 1 oz. all-pier, and a small lump of alum. Cover them with cold vinegar. When done in this way they do not undergo color.

**CROW GROW.**—Chop fine half a bushel of green tomatoes, two large white cabbages, twelve large onions, and several green and red peppers. Toss to a gallon of sharp vinegar add two ounces, each, of cinnamon, all-pier, cloves and nutmeg, ground fine; in this spiced vinegar put the tomatoes, &c., until soft, stirring frequently. When done put them into jars, pouring over them the boiling vinegar.

**CITRON MEXLOX.**—Cut it in pieces the size you wish, take out the soft core and seeds, put off the green rind, then throw the pieces in cold water and let them stand all night. Next day boil them in water enough to cover them, for 20 minutes, adding alum the size of a walnut to each quart of water, to give them; 4 sugar to 1 lb fruit, also some lemon, and put in also essence of ginger to taste. Boil till clear.